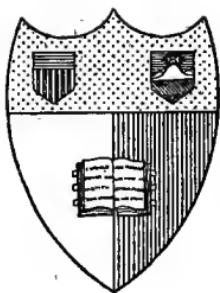


HENRY JONES'
GLYPTIC MUSEUM
AT
STRATFORD-ON-AVON



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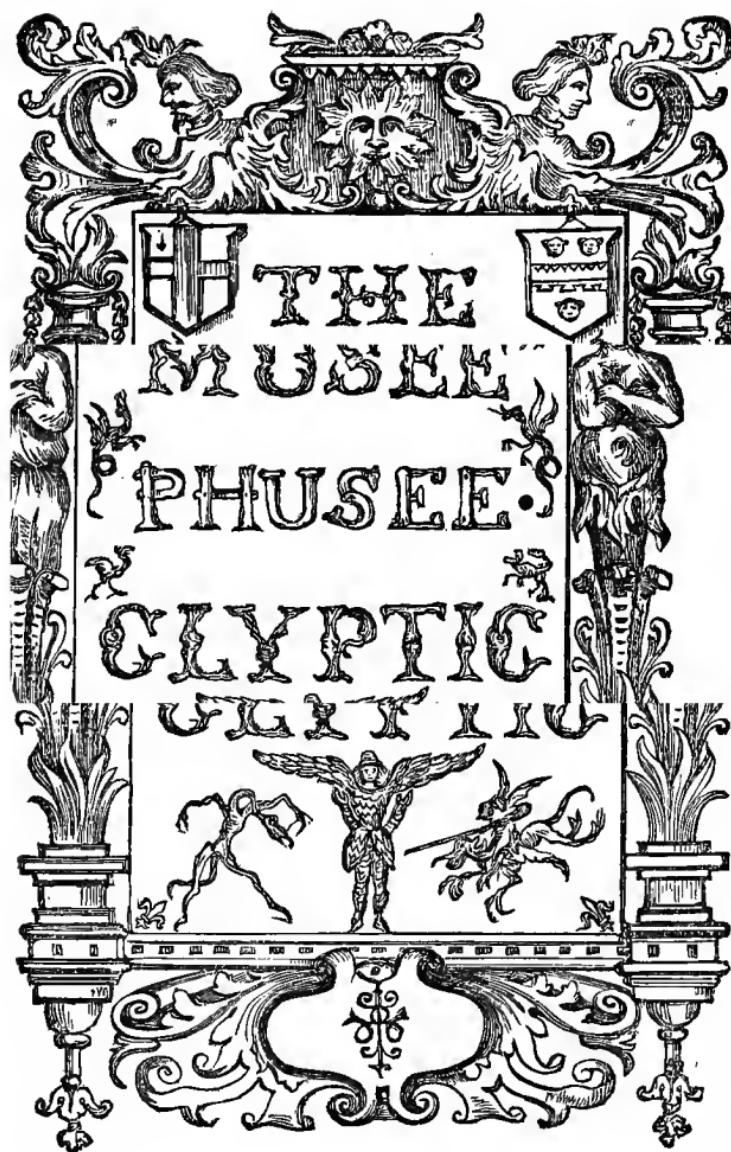
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THE GLYPTIC,
OR
MUSEE PHUSEE GLYPTIC :
A SCRAP BOOK OF JOTTINGS
FROM
STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND ELSEWHERE,
WITH AN ATTEMPT AT DESCRIPTION OF
HENRY JONES'S MUSEUM,
BY
JOHN W. JARVIS,

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHTY-FIVE WOODCUTS ENGRAVED BY W. J. WELCH, FROM
ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY JOHN WILLIAMS, INCLUDING A FEW SELECTED
FROM THOMAS BEWICK'S WORKS.

"Motley's the only wear."

As You Like It.—Act II., Scene vii.

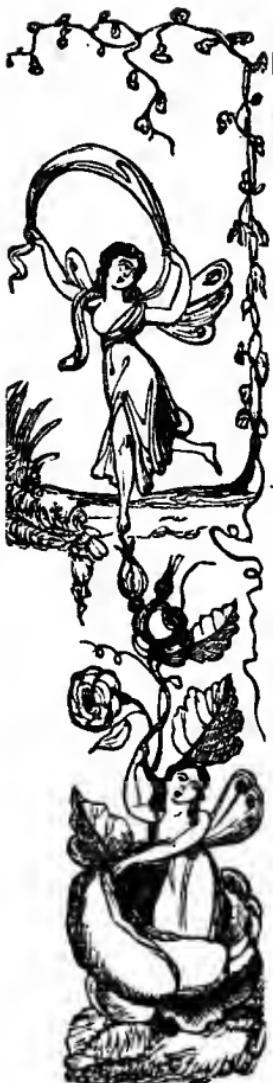
LONDON :
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, 36, SOHO SQUARE.
—
1875.

TO
MY WIFE,
FOR
WHOSE AMUSEMENT I HAVE PERPETRATED THIS
COMPILATION,
TO WHOM I DEDICATE IT
IN TESTIMONY
OF HER
AMIABILITY.

CHARLES SQUARE, N.,

June the Third, One thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

P R E F A C E,



R apology for thrusting my fragmentary compilation into notice to the trained band of book-stabbers that are to be met with, from whose industrious hands six leaves out of sixty alone remain opened to show the careful amount of critical research books have occasionally had at their hands. Not, gentlemen, to you, but to the honest critics who may honour me with their notice, will I apologise for appearing, and I do so because I had no idea at starting that this first attempt at scribbling would appear in print, or if it did, more than engage the attention of a select few of my private friends, as my respectful dedication will convey. If you please, tell the public not to buy it for I am not in the trade of letters. Say I observe no rule of grammar or composition, that my English is execrable, and the sentences disconnected, for 'tis but a harlequin production at best ; I will thank you if you will honestly say what you think. I can but learn, as you have done. I know too well the value of

persecution to shirk a dressing. I have seen and conversed with the characters I have met with. To me belongs an interest you can never feel; but you may say we have very many better hands, or you may sharpen your teeth with animosity at the presumptuousness of such a venture: perhaps in opposition to all conventional rules, I can only say, good Mr. Critic, be not too severe.

I am not, as a drunken fellow in my hearing announced himself to be, in very thick vehement speech, calling his companions to come on “hany on yer, I’m Chatwood’s invincible.” I am not invincible, neither can many say that they are, although they may tempt us to come on. An illustrious gentleman on meeting his tailor, an eminent man in his art, who had been to Margate, complained that the society there was very mixed. “Why,” said his patron, “you would not surely have them all tailors.” My society I have met with is like the great tailor’s, very mixed, and I would not have it otherwise; but, to you my gentle reader, if you find but a portion of the pleasure in reading my fragments that I have had in their compilation while many miles from my family on occasions of forced leisure, you will extend your kind sympathies to

Your obedient servant,

JOHN WM. JARVIS.



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INTRODUCTION.

TREATS OF SO MUCH AS IS INTRODUCTORY.



to query if this is quite correct), but to think that in the latter half of the nineteenth century, this Mr.

Y the way side on many rambling tours, I have often times been struck with amazement, at the various types of fossilized humanity (if such a term can be admitted) to be met with in odd out-of-the way places. I had seen that curious cross-grained bit of human nature mortalized by Charles Dickens, as the Tom Tiddler of modern life. In this fast-going, much lauded intellectual age (some folk have the temerity

Mopes, the hermit, living the life of a recluse ; living I say, or should rather say churlishly accepting existence, and that so grudgingly, that tangible soot-bags form (so it is said and for all we know is correct) a sufficiently luxurious bed for this uncouth creature ; a desolate ruined mansion eaten up with rats and rottenness, forms his home. What a burlesque upon all an Englishman holds dear ! broken down doors, glassless windows with shattered frames, everywhere desolation, piles of spirit and wine bottles strewn about, and in heaps, what were once beautiful shrubberies, orchards, and gardens, all now in a state of wildness. But profuse nature gladdens what this man would lay waste, instead of frugal husbandry gladdening the domain, and honest yeomen companions of its owner, this desolation exists, and tramps, idlers, and galled jades, of every hue and shade of vagabondage form his court. The wines and spirits are for those who are degraded



enough in his estimation to deserve the dram and the pennies which may, sometimes, cheer a sinking heart, but we fear too often attract vagabondage from all parts of the country. I once met a cockney tramp on Hadrian's Wall, outside Newcastle, who knew

Mr. Dumpy Mopes, or the Squire of Vellin wery vell

indeed.* In many an out-of-the way pedestrian tour I have found much to be learned with the folks on the way, in their quaint ideas and odd notions of life, that convince me that there are exceptions to everyday fashion, where so many who toil by day, like the proverbial nigger, to have a brief surfeit of what is falsely called pleasure and enjoyment, to use an hackneyed term (I allow), cant frequently doing a trade with destructive headlong speed to get rich. There are those, however, to be met with, who love God's sunshine so dearly that they will reduce their wants very low indeed, and are content with small joys to have their own way of living. I have dropt into the village tavern, heard a toothless, rheumatical old son of the soil sing in childish treble "Think of this as you smokes terbayker," (these songs are seldom selected without their moral). The brave Collingwood, another younger would pitch in a loud key with very little of what might be recognized as music, but in precipitous haste to let you know the words of the song were with him, by informing his

* Since writing the above Mr. Mopes has disappeared from the scene, and the desolation he was despot of, is left to industry to restore; his reign is over, his clay as useless as a dead emperor's, a wonder such folly can be allowed to degrade humanity, and society has not a scourge to whip such madness out of a man. Like the hermit, the writer is a believer in despotism, when it is the hands of constituted authority, and the will of society (if that can be called despotism). The cadger with his infamous lies, at each visit more degraded, until he becomes fit for crimes blackened by repeated infamy; one writer tells the world he made a good end on't, for a book of pious hymns was found with the leaves turned down, inferentially pointing out he was probably much comforted by the use of them. A pity he could not have made a better beginning and been less harmless to society—we still depend on the old motto that one fool makes many. On the nineteenth of April, 1874, saw the end of this singular, wrong-headed man.

hearers "Tom Bowling" was before his graphic imagination as a sheer hulk, but would end with a sorrowful deflection of the voice, when announcing that tho' the body was under hatches his soul was gone aloft ; but never can I remember coming away without noting that all was in full sincerity, free from constraint, and meant enjoyment unalloyed if it meant anything. After a long walk over the country in the course of my ramblings at the recommendation of a friend who knew my liking for anything partaking of eccentric biography, asked me to pay a visit to Henry Jones, a self-taught artist, a carver in wood and stone. Also a poet in a poet's empire, for imperial is the name of the world's renowned Shakespeare, and Stratford-on-Avon is likely to be as well known as London itself, when the boasted civilization and intelligence of the nineteenth century is something more than a name ; when the poetry, the chivalry, and that courtesy to woman that had its advent in glorious Elizabeth's reign, may once more exist and be a credit to the age, as it is Henry Jones, and not civilization, my essay is upon. Upon his museum, and not upon the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I have much pleasure in introducing the artist, poet, and projector, also the proprietor of the phusee-gliptic museum, to my readers.



CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHICH IS AGAIN INTRODUCTORY.

HENRY JONES, of whom I am to speak—I will not add the prefix Mister, but may say few deserve the full title or could hold it more deservedly, but will say that he is of a burly, robust appearance, despising superfluity, and does not aspire to an excess of compliments, as he observes, with an air of self-deprecation, “Them Misters, they don’t suit the likes of me.” Jones says he was brought up as shoemaker by his father; his mother dying while he was very young. And here may I be excused breaking off a moment to observe how much the world seems indebted to shoemakers. John Pounds, of Portsmouth, —poor cobbler Pounds, I suppose,—the originator of ragged schools in England. What self-sacrifice this poor benefactor of humanity must have endured. In a little street that I have often looked at in a town never, at the best of times, celebrated for a high state of morals or sweetness, in consequence of its shifting population; and here this poor fellow would sit and stitch for hours after others’ tasks were done, battling with the demon ignorance, poverty, and vice, training from the gutter many a poor little mannikin. Here is a juncture of trade and profession taken up on behalf of the helpless, at the pleading of mercy and

pity, a kind, soft woman's nature to be found in the heart of many a rough exterior, and hard, horny-handed, uncouth man. Perhaps leather and learning may have some affinity. Some future philosopher may trace out the connection. Where frugality exists with members of this craft, it is very remarkable what thinkers and what lessons have emanated from the stalls. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet, was taught shoemaking; George Murray, of Peterhead, had much to do with industrial schools; and poor old philanthropic James Beattie lived, perhaps now lives, doing duty as a minister of soles (souls), and healing the understandings, and many a poor little wee thing, after growing to maturity, has blessed the name of its benefactor.

It was called the excess of politeness when the eccentric raised his hat to the apple woman. How many should present themselves uncovered to acknowledge the dignity of those who quietly do God's work in this world. He is twice the gentleman who pays this small measure of respect.

In leaving this subject of cobblers and schools, in conclusion I would say to Big Purse (no matter if acquired from leather or pork) : when, through the consequence given you by virtue of your social position, you are called upon to examine those young minds, do not forget that Holland is spelt with an H ; and on entering the schoolhouse knock at the door before going in, that the pupils as well as yourself may observe that humility due to patience and worth.

A friend suggests that it was formerly the fashion of the boys to take off their hats to the great man of the village ; but what do they do now ? Frequently

throw a stone after him. Now, if Henry Jones sees sermons in stones, romances in roots, and a good phiz in everything, but if he gets a chevy chase stone after him he gets more than he has bargained for. Query is it he that gets most to be the best thought of?

To Henry Jones we deferentially acknowledge ; that his years alone command a great amount of respect ; his perseverance in forming a temple of rude art, true in its principles, because, guided by that simplest of all rules in the formation of genius (for genius ever had and has the faculty of taking infinite pains), the love of art for itself alone. Perseverance, and a frugal, industrious life made Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle, the foremost of his profession ; made him the restorer of wood engraving, as well as earned for him from book-loving Dibdin the title of Historian of the Northern Empire. It is as curious as it is remarkable to read of the bursting forth of genius from obscurity. Ingenuity is remarkably frequent among the most humble, and the poet Gray's lines are singularly true :

“ How many a flower is born to blush unseen,
To waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

In a tributary walk to the grave of dear old Bewick at Ovingham, near Newcastle, on the 14th day of April, 1872, after reading the tablet to his memory, and treading on the soil where rest the mortal remains of his genius in its lap of mother earth, his brother by his side, and in the same churchyard his fellow-apprentice, Johnson—all art associated alike—I was struck with the simple but touching tribute to the memory of one who never attained eminence, except among the simple, but kind

hearts, by whom he was surrounded. (I hope I may be excused farther digression from my subject.) For this man, of whom I would speak, was a friend of George Stephenson, the man George Stephenson whose early dawn of genius had its first essay as a mender of watches while in a coal pit as a common—nay! an uncommon—pitman, and ultimately perfected our locomotives. The natives here tell you this busy soul of whom I would speak was the father of all his inventions; be that as it may, he may have nourished the ideas and helped to perfect what was crude in the mind of his brother in ingenuity. The tablet reads:—

In Memory of
Isaac Jackson, of Wylam.

A man of singular integrity and simplicity of character, of great mechanical ingenuity, who died suddenly, 20th November, 1862, aged 66 years, to the deep regret of all who knew him.

“The monument, erected by those who loved and respected him while living, who now mourn his loss.”

How singular nature's gifts are distributed. Genius seems more often to flourish when nourished amid vulgar clay. How many a brilliant intellectual genius might have intensified had they had the battlings with adverse fate as probably did our immortal Shakespeare. The indulgences and pamperings a lofty station give to birth cannot be found corrupt where nature supplies her undefiled store that feeds the mind. A long catalogue of names, mighty in the spring they have made from darkest night to the realms of light, in their art-diffusing mission, who have had dark and exceedingly unpromising beginnings, might be enumerated.

I have written thus far prefatory to the subject of my sketchy memoir to show that, by the humble man

of genius, the spirit of what is meant rather than the gilding it is loaded with, forms the basis to judge of its merits. Some of the poetical effusions of the subject of my sketch may raise a smile by the fastidious reader ; but do as he has done ; fix your thoughts on something, and express it in the best language you are acquainted with, you will not have to record so many wasted moments in a perhaps wasted life.

If a favourite spot exists in happy England, it is doubly charming by its associations or natural beauties. An old-fashioned town in the middle of England, with some quaint architecture of the time of Tudor Henry and the great "King Elizabeth," as a well-known gifted speaker has quaintly put it, adding, that we have had but two more kings in England's history, Oliver Cromwell and King Alfred. To Stratford-on-Avon the snug, happy, homely town, with its pretty scenery.

To me the Mecca of two pilgrimages, footing it from London, "with my then little boy in his thirteenth year." On the next occasion we started from the quaint old city of the past, with its model cathedral, away over the plains to Stonehenge and Avebury ; we have left Salisbury amid sweet breezes and happy sunny hours. Passing through many a quaint village, we find ourselves at hospitable Stratford once more, with the finger-post pointing to Bull Lane, the home of the GLYPTIC; of which more in the next chapter.



CHAPTER THE SECOND.

OUR HERO IS CARPETED.

BOUT the time of our struggles in the Crimea, Henry Jones first turned his attention to the formation of a local museum (not of collected curiosities with which the wealthy can be gratified to repletion), for his unpretending trade of shoemaker had not necessarily made him rich, but at a rather mature age an original idea had shed its light upon him. He set to work to see what sermons might not be found in stones, books, in the running brooks, and the good prevailing in all. It is refreshing to think of the indomitable amount of perseverance, the faith in the work engaged upon ; if his heart ever had misgivings, he must have plodded on and on to the old stave, "if you don't succeed try again," and try again he most assuredly did. The roots of trees engaged the attention of our artist as being full of subject ; to make his art substantial and real, we find that in his peregrinations he has added roots of every size and kind, and made them subservient by prudent lopping and carving extremities and terminals as hands and feet, and has produced a perfect myriad of curious objects. He had worked at a few of these subjects, when a few friends urged him to exhibit them ; he yielded to their suggestions after a while, but a critical review was what

he modestly retired from, the most peculiar and undeniable original talent here exhibited led him into the realms of the great dreamer, Bunyan. The shadowy aspirations of years—day and night dreams—probably engaged the mind of our artist; he must strike the mind of every thoughtful visitor with surprise at the amount of information he possesses; every subject he has embraced has seemed a labour of love; his ligneous exhibition forms but one part of the phusee glyptic;* the sinewy fibres round the burly root on an unconsidered lump of lumber has assumed in the eyes of our friend life and vitality of a picture. He expresses to you that he has cognized it through all its phases, (fasis). I will not attempt to examine to their roots all the terms he uses and sometimes misapplies, suffice it to say Vicar Granville felt a great interest in him, and many words in use by Jones convey to the latter a meaning that has become corrupted from their original sense, and the origin of which may have become obscure from a want of knowledge of *their* roots; although roots are much in his way he prefers timber to orthographical ones. This compound name of the museum, phusee-glyptic, he assures us means partly nature, partly art, (after all, what is in a name; have we not all heard of the lady who derived a great deal of pleasure from the use of the word, or her own expression, that blessed word Mesopotamia,) Notes and

* The glyptic art may be said to embrace two phases, the rude state applicable to the rough shaping (of the natural as applied to wood) or the mineralogical formation (as applied to stone) to work out definitely the object of which the indefinite outline only is visible. The second or higher art applies to choice sculptures, engraved gems, and other objects of beauty in which art is not assisted by natural formation.

Queries can perhaps inform us where this is to be found. Our artist will take up a rude stone he has found in his path (for nowhere does he lose sight of his art), he points out to you a slight (at first) outline of a feature, which like the masked outline in a puzzle woodcut landscape, will be readily enough observed when pointed out ; but, as he observes, it must be ex-cog-he-tated (excogitated), close application and penetration must be well exercised, if puzzling over an object is to cognise its merits phusee-glyptically, then the director, owner, and manager of this show, as Artemus Ward would call it, goes through his duties of excogitating with the most praiseworthy patience, and unremitting close application. His term cognized evidently is intended to imply that it is worth notice phusee-glyptically. The director when spruced up—for this is a duty he will observe to the meanest of his numerous visitors—not to appear before them soiled from garden or brew-house, for he is a busy man, and like all busy men a happy one, he will announce to his visitors in his reception room, a comfortable Warwickshire parlour, that if any of 'em wishes to see ther mooseum he will conduck them through himself.



CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IN THE REALMS OF FANCY.

FHE door is unlocked. We begin at the beginning, Jones observes, as the man said when for lack of a table or chair he ate his dinner off the floor, and the first object that attracts our attention is a large bird, almost life size; this represents a fine ostrich, his body is ingeniously constructed of short lengths of brushwood, the long neck and legs made up of naturally formed stakes of wood ingeniously adapted to what they are intended to represent; on each side are ranged tables with various objects of Natural History. A large pelican with his fishy mouth, faithful to



Nature, eager for his food ; a vulture looking more silly than savage (this is unavoidable with such materials) ; the albatross and an extinct animal, perhaps a Dodo, a peacock as usual with a tail, a ditto more so. The domo calls your attention to a pheasant of Chaney ; a formidable kangaroo grins dismally at the



objects in the roof ; Poll-parrots, Paroquets and other wild sparrows and fowls of the air, not native here, these hung formerly mid a perfect bower of leaves ; all these objects are now removed to their new home on the opposite side of the street. When once inside the museum you have to keep your ear well tuned, and attention directed to the guv'nor to catch all he has to say on the objects around you. However reticent before entering, he has now commenced as the perfect showman, or shall we say lecturer, for however oddly some of the information may be imparted, the time and patience with which he has taxed himself in acquiring a knowledge far from superficial on all subjects engaging his attention is surprising. Your attention is directed to a large sword-fish, the head and eyes are touched with paint, the shine in them give them the appearance of a polished surface, and a natural look withal. A large boa con-



stricter, and that magazine of death the Cobra de Pedella, unfold their formidable lengths along the wall, the great spotted shark, the catchelot, with numerous scaly and finny gentlemen and ladies of the deep, help to make up this part so interesting to the young naturalist. The "Grope" (Groups) are interesting objects that form another portion of this ligneous exhibition. The Gipsies' encampment, they are here discovered surrounded by all that makes Gipsy life happy, a domestic episode being probably a fête or birthday—a fiddler and tambourine player are performing, Gipsy man and woman before the entrance of their tent seem full of gleeful joviality with their two children, one at the breast, taking a quota of its daily rations, t'other objects to the favour the young one is receiving, the mother is pacifying him by calling him a naughty boy ; all out under the green-wood tree, true arcadian life, how refreshing to think of even in wood. The pot is slung to boil the mutton, a visitor, one of ridiculous lofty attitude and of an unsympathising nature that Jones calls a scoffer, here asks, if the pot was to boil the leg of mutton, or the leg of mutton to boil the pot ; our artist informs him that as some come there to scoff he shall not answer so evidently an impertinent inquiry. He must be content to make Phusee-glyptic allowance for what nature produces, for Jones cogently remarks, he supposes him quite forgets that they can cut the leg of mutton if 'em likes, which would require to be done, as its size is certainly too big for the little vessel on the fire. The Roosian gunner (next grope) is evidently getting more than he has bargained for from one of our soldiers. "I think," the domo says, "officer," the

gunner has found his weapon of little use at a hand-to-hand fight. The Cossack calling on our grenadier to come on, which he intends taking his time about, as his size is somewhat larger than he thinks a fair match, he intends polishing him off at his own pace. Sergeant Davis, one of our heroes of the Crimea, is here represented comforting the last hours of a dying comrade, and shielding from farther harm by presenting a pistol in case it should be required. The last of these battle pieces, but not the least, is our national hero Admiral Nelson, lying wounded on the deck of the ship "Victory," surrounded by soldiers, sailors, attendants ; the doctor is staunching the fatal wound, and our hero is faded into brushwood (oh ! that that little body with a soul for bravery too big for words should be thus represented). Well might Byron say—



"Weighed in the balance hero dust is vile as vulgar clay."

Jones represents old-world thoughts in the time wars were popular, a prayer they may never become so again, that industry and genius may grow with the demon ignorance trampled out of existence : truth and intelligence doing God's work, will make war a crime, as it always has been a big curse ; but we cannot help recording our respect to the artist for his kindly remembrance of the memory of great-hearted Nelson.

Elephants, Hippo ta musses, Allee gators, Buffyloes and Bisons; a Stag and a Donkey are making things as comfortable as a short acquaintance will admit of. Donkey indifferent to appearances, very untidy; there are donkeys to be met with frequently in this state. The genteel Stag directing his gaze towards a stately Giraffe, the Giraffe in contrast to the denizen of another country is pointed out near a Kangaroo (our artist here remarks a very great deal depends as to how I putts 'em), but these are not the least among this branch of our artist's art. Before leaving this part of our friend's work, we must record an anecdote, as it shows the obstacles that patience often meets with in pursuit of art from unsympathizing persons; whether arising from churlishness, or gross ignorance, it is hard for genius to bear up against. Our entertainer was passing a garden on the outskirts of the town, when his attention was arrested by a something among the trees of his neighbour's garden (they are all neighbours in the country) which caused him to contemplate, with such profound thought, that he did not notice a lady on the scene viewing him with very suspicious eyes, for to her it was very doubtful whether it was love, or to buy the cottage and grounds over her head he was bent upon. Feeling somewhat annoyed at not attracting his attention, for our friend was in the seventh heaven with his contemplations, she, with a severe tone of voice, demanded what he wanted. Still no answer. Having after a pause observed the lady, he mildly informed her that he knew that she did not know it, but there was a tiger up her tree. Mr. J. had no intention of alarming the lady. Her nerves were a little too strong for that. On receiving this piece of information

she was in no way curious for an explanation either, but unceremoniously informed our friend to be off about his business, she had had quite enough of his Phuzzy Glicks. So our friend left the tiger up the tree and the lady in her domain to moralise upon other and more important subjects.



CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN WHICH WE CONTINUE OUR RAMBLE IN THE WORLD OF WONDERS.

T would take too much time to exhaust all the curious objects in the museum ; suffice it that we mention those of interest. The stone carving has received much diligent labour and careful study at his hands. We have Spencer Lucy as Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, with huntsmen in full cry, 12 figures. The hounds all as familiarly known and called by their names, some almost sounding Christian in their familiarity. There are Tom and Dick (Swiveller perhaps), Monkey and Mabel, Tip and Trot, Devil and Duke, and all indeed looking well for their prey, and watchful to be called in time for their dinner.

The rest of the objects in stone carvings would found a menagerie, not certainly so noisy as Jam-rack's, but more convenient to be on terms of familiarity with. Before us is the king of the forest, looking deadly defiance. The horned rhinoceros, evidently not the one Macbeth alluded to. The long-necked



giraffe, meekly begging his daily food. The docile



dromedary.

Cunning fox,
at bay, looking
foxy and fitish.

The sagacious,
but slack-
skinned ele-
phant, his dirty
brown suit

slovenly hanging about, like some double-dyed old
bookworm, sometimes to be seen, elephant-like, thick



and slack in trousers
legs, with sleeves at
wrist turned back, but
still too long, the brain
of owner too busy to
attend to the frivolous
outward appearance,

the sloven often a sage. The nimble squirrel among

these stone objects is accompanied
with fowls, chickens, ducks, and
so on. A fox's head carved near
this remind these innocents to be
watchful and wary. The wise owl,
with a knowing look, as president
of the party. These are nearly all
nature.



Several reverend gentlemen are
honoured with their portraits—our
guide has becoming respect for
the clergy as well as the laity.
His past recollections bring before

our notice a bearward, with minstrel and bear; his



experience carries him back to old Stratford, at the time they used to be visited by this sort of company.

Our bard is well represented. He is shown in company with Anne Hathaway, who, we are informed, was afterwards Mrs. William Shakespere; her bust is also shown in enduring stone. They seem in a state of coma. Perhaps Anne has just had the question popped, and it is a staggerer for her, and William may be supposed to be anxiously waiting for a reply that is to seal his destiny. But perhaps we do not do the subject justice. So we pass on, and pause before one of the



poet's greatest creations, Sir John Falstaff, the very first attempt of our artist's having in itself an interest for visitor and designer. Sir John looks more mournful than jaunty ; but he may have belied his looks, or perhaps the sack had disagreed with him. Sir John in a sitting posture is more happy. He always seems more at home taking his ease.

The next object may awake a like feeling of interest, as it was the first object that engaged Mr. Jones' attention, really suggesting to him his first



phuseeglyptic idea. A parson is represented in full canonicals, with arms upheld, in the act of exhorting his congregation to avert their doom, and depart from their sinful ways. This object has required but colouring, being a joint from the back bone of a horse.

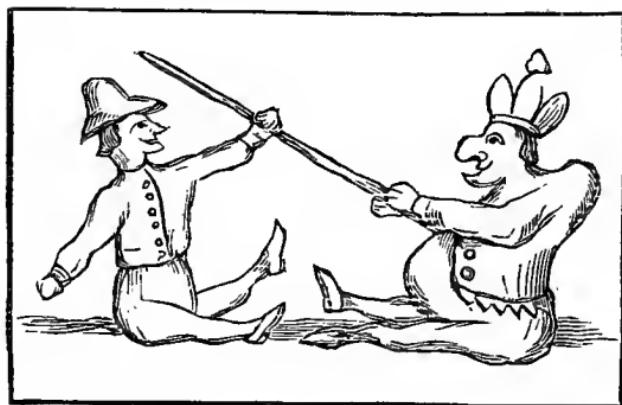
Our guide's next duty is to show his allyrees (allegories). We are first introduced to the righteous



man armed and the wicked man confounded. You will there see the righteous man armed with the breast-

plate of faith (he must have been in good circumstances to have procured such a garment) ; but the very good are born with these advantages : his sword of righteousness and the breastplate, possessions which give him the privilege of being crowned with a wreath held by a hand from an invisible body. The confounding of the wicked man is represented by his basely running his spear into the planet called the two fishes. He is rewarded with a dagger for his bosom or a halter for his neck—take your choice, my little dears. Beneath this is Satan and Mrs. Satan, or one of the wicked daughters of his region.* He is observed to be a playing with 'er, our guide says. Observe a fiery torch in his hand (her's a smokin' a pipe), he parenthetically observes, and calling back, points again to Mr. Nick, "with this him give light to the world that lures and deceives." A goat on the scene is put in as emblematic of fondness. The pipe-smoking female has passed her prime, and stands an emblem of bad habits and their consequences, professing what she does not feel. Her character is typified by the windmill over her head. We are informed that she is as changeable as the wind itself. The disobedient prophet is a scriptural subject that our guide waxes warm over. A little bit is here slyly put in, as our guide pleasingly observes to us, to please the juveniles : this is our old friend Punch and the constable ; constable's duty here seems no sinecure, and is evidently likely to come poorly off, if Mister Punch carries out his wicked design ; as the London boys would say, "I'll warm yer ;" for we all know Punch as an outlaw.

* Satan's region, not Jones'.



Richard the Third and his two nephews being taken to the Tower of London, and seem not overjoyed to



spend their time in the proposed lodgings. They are hanging back most reluctantly, evidently a dismal foreboding that Richard Gloucester is not the most amiable of nunkies ; the sequel to their histories quite warrant the artist in representing them as recalcitrant.

A museum in Stratford would not have been perfect without a representation of the bard. Wags have said that they have never had anything but Shakespere here,

and have been living upon him ever since. But this will do to bruise those shopkeepers who insist upon selling the only exact portrait, &c. Stratford has ever been, and will be, well represented by intellect. A fierce argument once culminated at the point when an Irishman said you will be claiming William Shakespeare next. His Scotch opponent retorted very like he was a Scot, for he had all the intelligence of one. Our poet has been sculptured, with scroll slightly altered, from his monument in Westminster Abbey. Some features of the original monument are attempted, but we think only from an imperfectly copied engraving.

In another, the full force of our artist's line has been attempted. He has pictured the great master in his study, and has thrown him into attitude, which is very suggestive of sitting for one's portrait, as it is not so happy or easy as one should be while incubating compositions to be known from pole to pole. Perhaps some traditional



legend may exist in his native town of a peculiar taste of his in this respect ; perhaps his case is parallel with the musical composer who could not do his work unless decked out in gaudiest array, and heavily jewelled with diamonds and other trifles to his taste. I may call the visitor's attention to another attempt to represent our bard full-length, with a hat. This is most to the satisfaction of the artist.

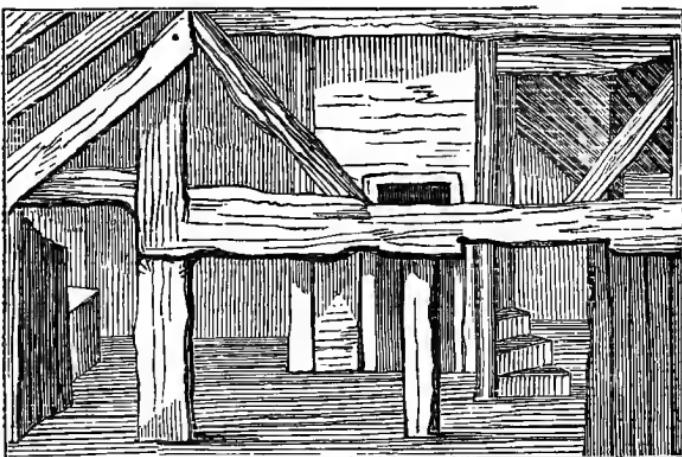


Your attention is next called to another bust of Shakespere, and also his very good friend, Mr. Sam : Timmins. A friend suggested he could have wished to have seen them in enduring stone, as we do not care to think of either as wooden-headed fellows. When once looked at by a scoffing visitor, he was known to say with the nigger, them berry much alike, specially Timmins.

(Now Henry Jones sometimes says burst.) He evidently thinks bust too sudden, or it may be to his mind the obscure derivative of burst ; not

an uncommon thing to find an antiquated as well as correct expression fall from the lips of the least informed, that is, by those that have a great part of their knowledge by oral tradition (I have met "peradventure" in use where it could only have gained admission in speaking from father to son, not frequently engaged in the busy haunts of men).

Well, this bust in question is a curiosity in its way; the artist assures us it was cut from timber formerly in the Henley Street House. All relic hunters of



HENLEY STREET. BACK ROOM.

Shakespere must look longingly on here. Mr. Tilbury, the tragedian, is pointed out, together with William White, bass singer of Holy Trinity Church choir. Rolla defiant because victorious; this is very much so, and indeed, unusually highfalutin, and quite up to the style of our youthful pictures, one penny plain twopence coloured, purveyed by Skelt and Co., Swan Street, Minories.



The glories of the field of Mars have for representative one of the artist's best studies in the person of Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington. The hero of a hundred fights is represented with his sword at his side, and in full military costume, as though he was ready for another

hundred or two. The artist will tell you how at Waterloo the word of command "Up Guards, and at 'em!" rung through the ranks, and of many wonderful adventures his firm will carried to successful issue to the glory of his country.

Julian Charles Young tells us, like Napoleon, he had the wonderful power of commanding sleep at will; that while on the field of Waterloo he reclined his head on a drum for five minutes, and fell into profound slumber, awaking perfectly refreshed.

He sleeps well now after the many wakeful hours he spent doing duty as his country's sentinel. We should have been pleased to have seen him mounted on his favourite steed "Copenhagen." Warrior and Charger enjoyed peaceful old age after serving their country well.



CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE: A NEW SCENE, OR THE NEXT SCENE.

QUR next subject removes us from the profanity (?) of the stage and the battle field, and all its glitter and devil's dust, to the pious representation of the Virgin Mary presenting the infant Christ to the shepherds, sober, grave, and severe enough for the linen boxes of old, or the presses formerly in use for the priest's vestments.

The Town Hall of Stratford boasts of a fine picture by Gainsborough, representing David Garrick; this subject very early gained upon our artist's attention, and he has here presented him in enduring wood; we pass on to Handel, the great composer. Your attention is directed to the future glory to attend his name, represented by an angel playing on a harp, which Mr. Handel accepts as the proper thing, as he is pointing in a very shabby way to his reward in angelic glory. With his allowance of immortality, which we are pleased



to award his glorious memory, we may look upon



(Jones's, not Cupid's) will



this subject with some amount of funny humour, although with due respect to the designer. In the next, the versatility of our artist crops up in full force, he has evidently well read the poems of the bard of Avon's bank — Cupid, the God of Love. If any young ladies are of the party, our friend will here give a most glowing description of the young dog's (god's) doings ; his eyes twinkle, and some merry tale of his experience is sure to ensue if you will only reward him with that attention which is his due, for the small fees he receives cannot adequately repay for so much enjoyment from so really an original entertainer. Cupid is in actual flight. The nude, naughty boy evidently has just tangled successfully and is off to tell his mother, Mrs. Venus or Mrs. Mars. The rest of the picture is represented by a fountain,

emblematic of the spring of love—forming the base of the subject from which two peaceful doves are refreshing themselves from the basin of bliss, or something of that sort; we think it is all right, for we suggested it would suit the valentine literature, but Jones holds on tenaciously to the copyright of all his works, and we commend him; they are of no use in the hands of anyone else. Daniel in the lion's den, as the expression goes—they look big and ugly enough to eat him, which *them* don't, the artist explains it all; an emblematic carving of the Odd Fellows (we presume Jones is himself an odd fellow). He explains that all also; we have here briefly run round this round of objects, and we take leave of the apartment but not yet of the museum. The most arduous tasks of our artist's skill and ingenuity have yet to be seen and described; the key is turned and we are next introduced to the usual we presume state room in the house, those rooms that are indispensable in an Englishman's household, always supposed to be clean, and the only apartment you cannot be at home in, because if you are, you are making it in a mess that is never expected in the drawing, state, curiosity or cold bleached apartment where the family Bible is carefully preserved under anti-macassar, with other abominations of this sort; home-made ornaments do not abound in most homes, so we must cover up arms of chairs, their backs, the couch, the table, occasional and centre, the bird cage, artificial flowers, all must be anti-macassared. But Jones is original in all his notions, and does not tolerate any covering in his curiosity apartment, all is tidy, neatness abounds, but yet is full of his handiwork; our party have filed in, we are waiting the domo.

As soon as he is fairly ready a young spark—well up to the notion of good dry skittle grounds—asks our friend if they, the busts, are all skittles in that cupboard; with good-humoured correction he explains, “them’s all burstis,” which will be explained anon. He here directs your attention to the portrait of Mr. Brunel, the background is represented by the Great Eastern steamship, the ponderous chains around her whole bulk represented just before her successful launch; our friend explains that “Them said her never would be got off,” but Brunel is supposed to be saying “I know’s what I know’s, let her and me alone,” see the seegar in hee’s mouth quite the air of Santley, with bold defiant voice he is bidding his friends rejoice. We are shown Adam and Eve in Paradise, the serpent coiling around a tree instigating Eve to tempt Adam, which the domo considers an unfair way of putting it; our friend does all his subjects justice, thisnot least; another in the same vein represents the rich man and Lazarus; here you see the rich man feasting sumptuously, the dogs licking sores of Lazarus (greedy dogs), rich man ought to feed all the dogs, quadruped and human. Perhaps some day we shall have a change in the world’s history, we shall have none of the rich men good for nothing, and poor men no worse. A tablet portrait of Professor Owen, our artist says a scultured fossil and a knobby stick, emblematic of his mind, have not quite decided which is here referred to. The next subject is quite Hogarthian in its moralizing, it represents the deserted wife and the distracted husband, his repenting when too late, pints o’bilin’ hot tears over-flowing his unmanly face and habiliments, the domo continues, “runs away, and leaves her,” and this is

done in two compartments. The domestic misery portrayed in the next scene is shifted to the home of the parents, where the naughty or ill-used daughter is received again back to the bosom of her family,



her afflicted parents moralize that it is no use repenting when too late; the husband is supposed to lose his wife and child entirely: they obstinately refuse to live any longer.

John Pounds and his scholars, the caged blackbird,



making the best of his case in the Babel around him, canary similarly engaged, kitten playing with ball of hemp, shoemaker's coat of arms. The gentle craft is here represented on a shield, three goat's heads forming an heraldic device to fill up a picture that is quite alive with objects, including rack, last, and other implements of the gentle craft, a subject alike sympathized by visitors and visited; the steady, stern heroism of John Pounds will make many a better man blush to think he has done no better with his advantages.



The Morris dancers is evidently held by the artist as one of the best specimens of his art, which is one of the most patient and painstaking. The hardness of the material practised on is, in itself, enough to make practised workmen shrink from working. We have here three couple of long-chinned, comical-looking punchy old customers dancing the Morris dance to the music of tabor and pipe; a clown and his sweetheart are characters on the scene; his father, a farmer, considers

himself disgraced by his son following the Morris dancers, threatens him with the whip, the son throws down the bludgeon stick and stops his ears with his fingers so as not to hear what his father has to say to him, he receives the proper reward for disobedience and takes a naughty boy's quantity, a round dozen, as future warning of intended doses to be administered as required before he becomes entirely incorrigible.



CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is represented in the next picture offering to an old sailor a glass of ale to drink the health of his parents Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. A moral is here intended for the youthful mind, to be goodnatured to those who have endured hardships in a subordinate station.



The lithe and agile members of the Tumbling Club, known as the Bounding Bricks of Babylon, are next represented, the strong thick-skulled lower brick forming the foundation is seen balancing three other bricks in a not very enviable position, evidently having just reached the climax of their performance, so well represented by J. L. Toole, which will be

familiar as a scene from the burlesque of the "Princess Trebizonde," which proclaims his satisfaction in his

marvellous success by exclaiming "Hoop-la," at the same time introducing the tips of his fingers to his lips, and after so doing showing bare palms to the audience, evidently a salaam, or part of the professional training of an accomplished tumbler.

Full length portrait of Sir John Falstaff in milingtary costume, quite up to the best of his pictures. Young Mister Shakespere, conducting his future wife, Anne Hathaway to her father's house, after taking their evening ramble, and enjoying Nature's delights. Their conversation is purely our artist's creation, which would not be fair to anticipate by one single word (as it will be) all the introduction to his exhibition being the delight of his attentive hearers to listen



to. We may be allowed to observe that a faithful representation of the cottage at Shottery is here introduced: upon the thatch is observed a wily cat watching two young birds playing: perhaps there is some deep, though obscure meaning here implied that the poaching cat has something to do with the moral of young love stealing the heart of our divine William's; a dog and a donkey, doatingly fond of each other, complete the scene of domestic love and bliss. Your attention is directed to Naomi and her daughters; also an equestrian scene of a lady gracefully jumping through a



hoop to the delight of the juveniles; our next subject will finish all we have now to extract from our artist's studio, a subject that is peculiarly his own, and may be said in a degree to be in companionship with the Morris dancers. An extravagant, incorrigible and dissipated youth is represented in two tableaus,—the

moral, that ultimate disgrace and degradation await the youth who indulge in bad company ; in the first division is conveyed the evil consequences of racing and keeping the company of blacklegs and gamblers. He is represented sitting across the chair with the back in front of him, playing the snobbish fool, which he believes smartly presents the buckish swell. Our artist considers this a very "rerdiculus persition perticuly by any one as as had too much beer," his



father in angry wrath denouncing his conduct as wery wishuss ; his unmanly replies make his mother cry. "Her lunges on back o' cheer. Him wont hear what they have to say," and quits his comfortable home, the bird in the cage, and the music on the shelf fills up the picture, contrasting with the unnatural conduct in this otherwise natural domestic scene. The second compartment with Hogarthian fidelity shews that he



has become a vagrant. The parish Bumble has met with him, and a-leading him to the "workus;" the



*William
Shakespeare*

Governor (with keys formidable) sees him a-coming, sends a pauper to meet him, giving him the turnkey's office, to taunt and gibe him, knowing that paupers like to hector and tyrranize over each other when an opportunity occurs for trying their hand at a little bit of despotism. The moral conveyed is to shew to what a pass bad company will lead the young. Many other objects of interest will be found well worthy of attention. We may enumerate a block

of wood with the crest of the Shakespere family, carved, a falcon grasping a spear; the lower part has the arms of the town of Strat-

ford, three mullett's heads, the ancient aldermen burgesses with their beadle, together with sundry fat heads, quaint as may reasonably be expected. Another crest, falcon and spear fill up a block upon which much patient toil, application, and ingenuity have been laboriously expended; a bust of Shakespere from the monument, with other gentlemen of native



and general notability. Among the list may be found J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (Phillipps), E. F. Flowers, Esq. (the elder). The skittle visitor here observes—"You do not hop on to elder flowers first," and this was voted rude and the joker a bore; Martha Mason, our artist's particular friend, the late Vicar Granville, Dr. Davenport, Lieutent Flowers, Mr. S. Timmins again, Dr. Thompson, Wm. Weston Holloway, Helmore, the missionary, Dr. Rice, and Thomas Tasker, the charitable, some of whom have long since closed their eyes in their last sleep, but worthies, many worth notice in some future history of the worthies of Warwickshire, when our entertainer cannot fail but have his name worthily recorded, for there is truth in the lines, which says—

Not less in the sight of his heavenly
Maker,
Is he who must toil for his bread;
Not more in the sight of the mute
undertaker,
Is majesty shrouded and dead.

A curious weird subject is one not previously noticed. Some gentleman, heedless of grammar, has remarked:—"Hee's ketched him." It represents the long branches springing from a trunk, in which the artist has discovered the figure of Time, with his scythe, to which hangs Death himself.



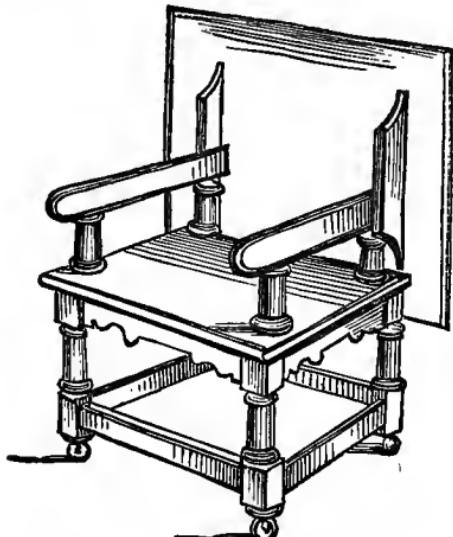
reminding one of the inscription on the picture at Penshurst to one of that illustrious house—

“Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother :
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

—or the mind of him over whose tomb reads—

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORPEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE FE ^E MAN ^T SPARES THES STONES,
AND CURST BE HE ^T MOVES MY BONES.

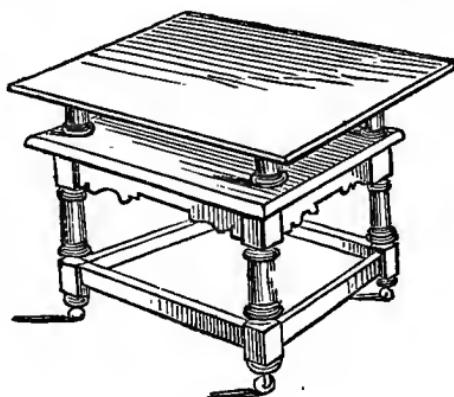
From Time’s doings we are invited to look at what remains to us of the past. Among the natural



curiosities, we are shown a cat with two heads, a piece

of metal from the good ship "Mary Rose," 295 years under water, a piece of Nelson's fighting ship "Victory," and the "Royal George."

The museum would not be complete without a piece of Shakespere's crab-tree, also, the mulberry tree, but the crowning feature of Shakesperian curiosities is a very ingeniously constructed table, which is converted into a chair by simply sliding the top away and allowing it to fall down to form a back, when it becomes a perfect chair as it was but a second before a perfect table. This relic was for many years the property of the late R. B. Wheler, and Henry Jones informs us was always held by that gentleman to have been a genuine relic from Shakespere's house at New Place. It has upon it the stamp of antiquity; but we must leave it to adepts to decide its place among Shakesperian relics.



CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE VISITORS' BOOK AND WHAT WE FOUND THEREIN, WITH COMMENTS ON THE COMMENTATORS, AND OF THE VISITORS AND VISITED.

FTER the pleasing round of entertainment offered us, we were asked to subscribe our names in the visitors' book. Curiosity prompted us to look into this volume. We find a motely collection of self-constituted reverends, right reverends, lord bishops, counts, countesses, and other asinine assumptions. One springy, sprightly demoiselle signs in full, fair, round characters, Mademoiselle Poppaninny, preceded by Dr. Buckancy, from the Spike Island. J. L. Toole would perhaps say, "don't spike of him." His hand would, in his natural way, cover his mouth, after the perpetration of such a goak ; but we will make no more mention. Miss Emma Topjoy follows close on the heels of Lady Pollyglot and Signior Fattonini ; Mistress Betsy Baker the second. Blomfield, Bishop of New Zealand, before the bishopric was established. Then follows Miss Oh-bejoyful. Our respected friend, M. D. Conway, is followed by Mr. Giglamps, from the Land of Green Ginger,* Hull. Maids Revere Acuzenza, Countess

* LAND OF GREEN GINGER.—Respecting this curious place—name, Mr. William Andrews, Cor. M. R. Hist. Soc. of Hull, tells us it has been a puzzle to account for its origin to the local historians, readers of "Notes and Queries," &c., and has only recently been solved. According to some ancient manuscripts which have recently come to

de Trovetore are under the guardianship of Mr. Phunky-Fiddler and party. "Them lot," says Jones "gave me eightpence half-penny, which they subscribed between them." The Rev. Soapy Sam Sarsnet had for companions Madame Marie de Brisket and Mr. Elsinore Hamlet Hicks, of Denmark Street, Soho; so, oh! that is the way you abuse good paper; but no matter, a time will come (but it has); and let us proceed. Another! and yet another! The Count Bevelman. Now Jones tells us, that was written by an impudent penny barber, who had a cheap ticket one excursion day; but there, I don't care if they are ashamed of their own names; it is their folly, not mine. Another of the penny-barber type signs himself Tristam de Micle-



light, the production of a family of Johnsons, who, in days of yore, held important positions in the town, including that of Mayor of Hull. In 1685 an election took place in the town, and the manuscripts record:—"Sir W. Hickman, the Baronet of Gainsbro', was sent for by the corporation in March. When the boat was coming on the Humber from Gainsbro', which had Hickman in it, one of Jonas Gould's coaches was taken to the water side to meet him, and in he got, and the mob pulled it right away to the 'George Inn,' at the corner of the *Land of Moses Greenhinger*, the boat builder in White Friars' Gate, and the *piece of land* was so crowded with people, to the front of the inn, all anxious to hear what he had gotten to say." From the foregoing, it will be seen Greenhinger has been corrupted to Green Ginger, and the title of Land of Green Ginger given to the short street in which Greenhinger carried on his boat building.

ford, of Whip-me-whop-me-Gate, York, probably a



favourite hero of the "London Journal" type. Another, with the odour of sanctity, signs, in a cramped hand, as if ashamed of his attempt at burlesque, the Rev. Emanuel Monkeynose, Doddycomerot George, Esq., B.A., a professional tinker ; and His Grace the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Bunker's Hill, U.S.A. Ma-demoiselle Adelle D'Eggs, Peter Paul Chugmuzzle, J.P. Bouncing Bob, the pet of the P.R., from No Joke Place, in the Isle of Jersy. The extent of

the volume admits of copying so many crack-brained entries, but many original signatures, such as the much-respected friends of Stratford, Lawson, Tait, Sam: Timmins, are our host's delight ; together with more who are not afraid to appear in the roll of admirers of simple excelling, natural genius.

Our host, observing the nonsense names recorded in his book, observes "that some on 'em 'as come here thinks 'as they can say what 'em likes, and do what 'em likes ; them ain't no business to put such hauty-graphs as that in," to which we mutually and cordially concur. Albert Smith records an entry he met in a visitors' book, in which the self-satisfied snob says, "I shall stay at St. Bernard's to-night ; and to-morrow I

am off to Milan." "Very glad to hear it ; hope you will keep there," was subscribed under. "There were a young gent as came here, perhaps better fed than taught, as said to me that he had heerd as my mother had twins when I was born—one was a boy the other a fool ; the boy died. I thought for a moment, pretending as I didn't hear, so he scoffingly repeated it to me. I told him that was a mistake ; they both lived ; that the fool had a son, and if he was not the identical one, well, he must be his shadow. I did not have a brother, but thought I would have a joke. *That* young man did *not* put his name in my book of hotygraphs, but he did give me half-a-crown, which I hope the lesson I gave him he will think cheap at that price. My mother died during my infancy, but my father did his duty by me, and learnt me the gentle craft of St. Crispin, as some on 'em calls it. I am grateful for what he did for me, for he did his best ; none can do more. We can't all be what we might be, but it is a duty, I say, not to make out human nature worse than it is in man, but try to elevate it all we can." We suggested that the degradation of a fellow creature should be sorrowed over, not be treated as a subject of mirth.

"Now, will you just step into my parlour. I should like to talk more to you. You don't scoff as some on 'em do. If you will come this way, I will tell you something more about the sort of life I lead here. You see our place is clean (the pink of neatness) ; the wife is frugal, kind to all, and does her duty by me in everything. Now, what more do I want. There's lots more richer, but few, very few, more happier, for happiness consists in avoiding too much anxiety about anything." We suggested that a good wife was a

priceless gift of God ; that the man that truly loves wife and the children she brings him has a paradise in his home not riches can compensate equal to. A loving husband and a dutiful wife knit the bond that makes society blessed. The man strong in his integrity, especial love of his children, the little tiny wee things so fresh from God makes his heart bound, because he loves everything fresh, pure, and lovely ; and at each stage of the child's life he finds the best in loveliness, purity, and freshness. Such men, endowed with a boundless love, find all men are his brothers, the wide world but one country, and knows woman only as a sister to respect, having mastered himself, and laid aside man's worst enemy, his selfishness. He stands the champion of her honour, and the guide of her weaker moments. In such words as these we complimented our hardy, trusty old friend. It reminds me of a small incident, and I have often thought of it, when I think how divine a part of human nature woman is, in her long-suffering, her patience, and how grandly she clings to the ardent object of her affections. If affliction should weigh him down, no treasure like his restoration to health ; a few trinkets are her small joys. When does a true woman care for hoarding, but to lay up a treasure—her's his. No, the mothers of our native land (and no doubt every land have the same) are unselfish, and queenly great when tending affliction.

A good old lady (connected through marriage with the writer), some short time before her death, was companion in a journey to London from East Anglia, although aged, had an extraordinary vigour of constitution, a healthy frame, with a sound, but tender

tearful heart, ready to share any one's troubles. She had offered us all our share of the refreshments provided for our journey, which each declined ; but later on we thought a hard boiled egg might be agreeable. Whilst at a junction we enquired if they were safe. We were told she could not find them, but supposed she must have eaten them. Her great age excused her absence of mind, eating at the time was the only amusement offered.

We were enjoying the fun occasioned by this incident, when, on pulling up at a station, we found the people admiring a bridal party. On her being made aware of the interest in the new husband and wife, she called the bridegroom to the carriage door, and begged he would be a good man, and take care of that pretty girl. The neat little body, called justly a pretty girl, the old lady called to the carriage door, and with surprising vigour addressed the new-made wife, who had not yet recovered from the emotion felt after giving her pledge of fidelity at the altar, with a perfect homily of household wishes. "Study him in everything, and he will help you to be happy. God bless you ! God bless you," she kissed her as passionately as a mother, until the train moved on. The new wife had returned the emotion, which could only be understood by a sympathising, ardent, loving nature. The old lady resumed her seat, and burst in a flood of tears ; she was a girl again. In those few minutes a silent tear stole from my eye, while my blood tingled with emotion at the good old soul's devotion to her sex. May heaven send us many such. They never met again ! Has the young wife ever thought of my good, dead, old relation ? I hope so.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

OUR HOST ON HIMSELF, AND AS A POET.

 WAS telling our host of an incident in the life of a friend, who a score or more of years since was located as assistant to a man in Mayfair, in a little community known as Shepherd's Market ; fresh from the country, with a strong desire to reach the land of promise, he rashly accepted an engagement, the first offered. The duty of opening shop commenced at seven in the morning and closed at nine in the evening, when ten minutes for toilet was allowed, supper of bread and cheese, a good night, to which the master and mistress scarcely ever responded beyond a grunt. On the first night, on reaching his bedroom, our friend so fresh from light and roomy rooms, and the comfort of a father's home was staggered at the sight of a small box about eight feet by about five, where he and his companion had to sleep ; well, but stop, is this our bedroom, how are we to get to bed ? His companion explained that his predecessor was in the habit of taking it in turns nightly which went to bed first, the undressing was performed outside, in this wretched plight they spent their time from week to week. Rebelling under this servitude of continuous toil, he made bold one day to

make the moderate request of an hour to breathe the fresh air after supper ; this was a thing not only never allowed, but not to be thought of, but after much discussion it was arranged they should have one hour per week on Wednesday, which was always gladly looked forward to and enjoyed to the utmost as soon as a certain quantity of bread and cheese had been disposed of. And once clear of the house, a rush would be made down Piccadilly like the sweep of a tornado by the happy but oppressed slaves, to the first of your music halls, where the admission was but twopence, and Mr. Dobson, the proprietor, kept such order and regularity, and engaged a staff of entertainers that would do no discredit to many places of greater pretensions of the present day. In Hare Street, Piccadilly, we may date the first of this class of entertainments. We hope that a less number of selfish fellows exist than formerly among draper shopkeepers. Our host thinks this is only a sample of the lessons of life we must all, more or less, pass through. The literary legacy of our glorious Shakespere was, perhaps, all brought about because he had to fly to London. A man immensely rich, Jones mentions, who at last found his money so great trouble to him, often said it would drive him mad ; every living thing in nature enjoys itself unalloyed except man, and he would always, only he is often a fool and quarrels with his pleasures. If I ain't quite in the humour to carve a bit o' stick I takes and composes a bit of poetry, I have got some lines I will show you, as I have writ on myself, they want arranging proper, but you write it down I will give it from memory.

The nautical poet who said :

“ I have sailed all the world over,
 And many another place beside ;
 And the beautifullest town I ever saw,
 Was Glasgow, that stands on the banks of the navigable Clyde,”

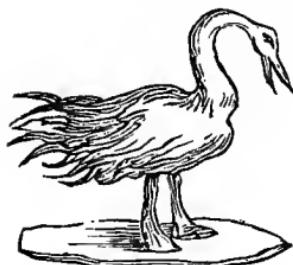
was overcome too much by emotion for his subject to be strictly correct in his metre, or the laws of verse. If poets are allowed license, we claim it for our friends. The labouring lad on leaving his home at sight of his village church soul-charged, he burst forth :—

Farewell Walsall, farewell town,
 Choked with emotion, finished unpoetically enough,
 And eris moi knoise.

But we must introduce you to first composing of H. Jones, April the 8th, 1860, as explanation of the Museum :—



I Had Lived a meney years, and worked hard meney a wick,
 and studeid natural History, and Philosophy, as well as Setting Stich,
 then, in making Curiositeys i have tried to plesse your wishes
 in Carving Beasts, Birds, and Reptiles, and Curious Little Fishes.



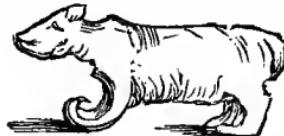
VERSE II.

I have steudeid boteny, but not the medecele part,
 I leave that to them as learned the Lattin and the precticle part,
 But the part as i have studied you won't find one sildom,
 To make the vegeatble creatshion imeteate the animal kindom.



VERSE III.

I next thought sculpture, and in it well played my part,
 In curious physiognomy both in nature and art;
 And the simplest part amongst my work is ment to captivate the
 child,
 And leade it to turn sculture if mechaniacle inclined.



VERSE IV.

I next thought on ornithology, and ethyology, and tried to please
 your wishes,
 In carving curious bitts of sticks to give a descriptshion of birds
 and of fishes;
 It serves for meditashion at night before i sleep,
 To think of his wonderful creashion in the are and the deep.



VERSE V.

I next at carving alegoreys i invented a plan,
 To compose a good moral for the instruchion of man ;
 And if you look at them you will find in them truth,
 May the ever remain for the instruchion of youth.



VERSE VI.

I next thought on geology, and pleaid but little part,
 I find its all on nature thear nothink of art ;
 In the earth thear is creashion, and his great wisdom he imparts,
 As thear antideluvians, fosels, reptiles, and petrified stones,
 And wats a 1000 miles under us only him knows.



VERSE VII.

May your children prove vertueosos, and in philosophy and
curiositeys delight,
As he may learn to sculpture tho' learning to write,
And should the aply to me i will try to please thear wishes,
In learning them to carve birds, beasts, and reptiles, and curios
little fishes.



The purely original character to be found in these stanzas, and proceeding from the mind that formed the phuseeglyptic curiosities, are as quaint, curious, and unpretentious as the man himself. I much prefer to leave them as I find them, only calling attention that our friend writes his poetry (for we have more in store) on the seven sonnet model, as he points out seven days in the week, seven divisions in a subject, seven cardinal sins, the same number of virtues, and more, there are the seven ages which Shakespere wrote. He would not extend it to eight. Shakespere lived in glorious Elizabeth's reign. Our host follows his model in the grand era with good Queen Victoria on the throne; may he live long to pursue his peaceful work!





CHAPTER THE NINTH.

OLD SONGS, OLD TUNES, AND OLD REMINISCENCES.

ASUGGESTION from our major-domo promised an agreeable hour. We should then be alone together to exchange our thoughts. The invitation to breakfast off eels caught in the Avon, kidneys from Warwickshire sheep, with bacon from Avonside hogs, including bread and butter, all native to the spot, afforded the best entertainment that could be offered our friend on

this day of our fishing excursion up the Avon ; the meal despatched we made a start, passing pretty Stratford nooks, the glorious church of the Trinity, the old Rother Street house, dating from Bluff King



Hal's reign, the early morning air tasting health-laden in its balmy sweetness, which we breathed with refreshing relish. We had no sooner reached the door and finally started ere our friend commenced to call our attention to look at the herbs. He points to the tarvie—that yaller one—aggremonie, that's good made into tea, for all sorts o' things ; on crossing a style he recommended us to mind our instrip ; he tells us of the voraciousness of the Norway rat, and of that country barber who, when shaving, would so fearfully lacerate the flesh that it was always nearer skinning than shaving ; it would so frequently occur that he would point to the towel moodily, ask his customers to please to wipe, until he lost his identity, and became better known by his nickname of "Please to wipe." This was an exchange anecdote for one

told by Dickens, whose barber refused to shave the sweep, although he did not object to dustmen; as he cogently remarked, you must draw the line somewhere. Mind we were not lords with learning, but had liberty and light hearts, full of day-dream musings; and, lost in thought, I recollect my companion musing about an accident, by the falling of an ally blaster figure on a poor woman somewhere, or at some time, that her parry, ox, isms was orful; it sprained the ligatib of the wrist, and it had to be excavalated. A pause followed, we dropped our rods and prepared for action. Our musings and contemplation was to be aided by the divine old Izaak's most agreeable of all quiet sports. Our friend very soon observes that them won't bite, so we watched and talked, and envied the dull sense of him of whom—

“A primrose on a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And *it* was nothing more.”

Oh, the country, sitting on Shakespere's velvet carpeted river's bank, a joy at the thought of God's great universe, and God's own work; the country, made for man's enjoyment, while man's own art makes his own prison and chains in the toil and degradation of town life. How little, the saucy snobs (to be found among the cits) can excuse or understand the uncultivated expressions falling from their village brothers. A bucolic coachee I once met with in Kent. “Why,” I remarked, on meeting about fifty or more persons a-foot, “these people cannot be hopping so early as this.” “No,” impulsively remarked my friend, “them's agoin' a tatering.” The volunteer band striking up on the road caused him some annoy-

ance, as he had little sympathy with anything but his horses ; he called out to his guard, a lad of the mature age of twelve, "to 'old them ere harse's 'eds, as them they musgitz would frighten on 'em." If our friend would undisguisedly talk like our coachman he would astound the citizens by his evident acquaintance of the use of all visible things around. His books few, but well read, and their contents thought over, he calls attention to the deep intensity of green shade seen through the trees, and the green golden sheen of the sunlit portion ; all gave evidence of a contemplative mind, which in our ramble was keenly enjoyed and pointed out. On our remarking that the best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it ; that Nature keeps up the compensation ; the avaricious man is like the desert, which sucks the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs nor plants for the benefit of others, the care that ensues is cankering. Nature here keeps the balance just. Our friend told us here of some lines which he had made on Nature, which I took down at his dictation, and entitled



ADD AND DIMINISH.

VERSE L

As we are journeying through this life on this world so wide,
 And our time it flies fast, and we become a mere child,
 Let us make it a study good knowledge to replenish,
 As everything in the world seemeth to add and diminish.

VERSE II.

Everything seemeth to spring like fungus, and is made to decay,
 We spring up like a flower and soon fade away ;
 Then let us banish the evil, but the good try and replenish,
 As everything in the world seemeth to add and diminish.

VERSE III.

I have looked at the brooks and the rivers and their streams :
 They seem to narrow and widen, and are like to the sea's,
 And their deep whirling holes in some parts do replenish,
 So everything in this world seemeth to add and diminish.

VERSE IV.

I had thought on the clouds and towards them my thoughts have
 bent ;
 They seem to sail round the world till their fury is spent ;
 They spring from the seas and the rivers, and the dews them
 replenish,
 So everything seemeth to add and diminish.

VERSE V.

I've been on the hills, and I have seen Nature's display
 On the trees in the valleys ; some are covered with May ;
 Some are withered by the wind ; some the rich dews do replenish ;
 So everything in the world seemeth to add and diminish.

VERSE VI.

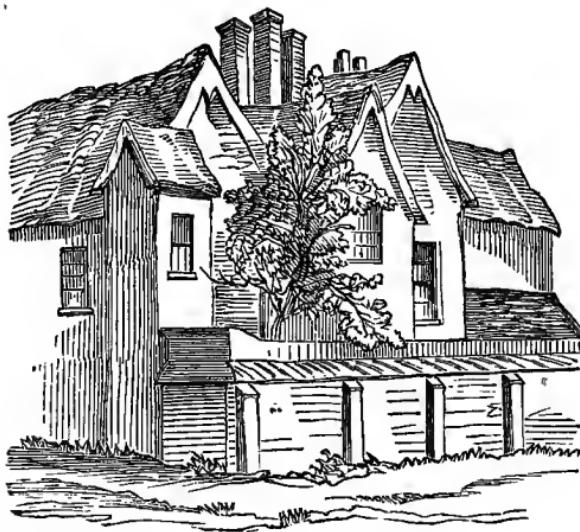
I have thought on the world, I believe it to be round,
 Though internal and external far from being sound,
 For in some parts it a burnin', and in some parts creation doth
 replenish,
 So it continues the same size, don't add or diminish.

VERSE VII.

I've looked at creation, from the earth and the seas,
 And believe there is nothing so good like its Creator to please ;
 Then he will banish the evil, the good he will replenish,
 As everything but the world in itself seemeth to add and diminish.

After this rehearsal we lifted our rods to retire home, to wait until some rain would aid us to some better sport. Our take was too small to enumerate. Our friend had, he said, never know'd the like on it, but them woodent at all times bite alike. I responded, the same in commerce.

After an agreeable walk home again, and night had drawn its dark mantle over us, we thought of the quaint sayings of our friend, and thought what a



delight to live out thus a peaceful quiet country life death visiting us at last as a quiet undisturbed slumber ; to lie in yonder churchyard, after life's fitful fever was over, is better after all than the turmoil of wear-ing town life and everlasting bustle.

In passing the home of Stratford's late historian, looking up at the side of the house of the peaceful

old gentleman's home, we thought how often must such thoughts have animated him when looking from his windows into the quiet churchyard where his remains are now at rest. But, though dead, may Stratford long keep alive the memory of Robert Bell Wheler.



CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MEMORY PLAYING OLD TUNES ON THE HEART.

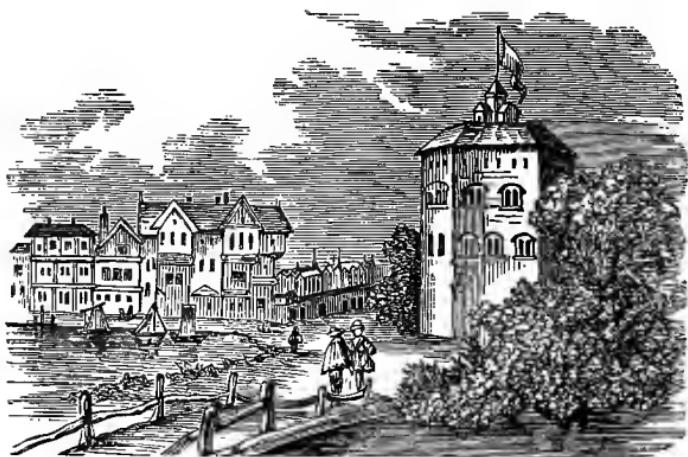
MARK TWAIN, or one of the American humorists, who, on a visit to the rock of Gibraltar, which, he says, runs out into the sea, at the end of a flat, suggest the idea of a gob of mud at the end of a shingle. After this very graphic, if not choice, introduction, he then recites how, after examining the subterranean caverns hewn and blasted out of the rocks, like vast railway tunnels, the crag holes furnitured with cannon, he could then see what was pointed out to him from the ship—what is called the Queen's Chair. It is because a Queen of Spain placed her chair there once when the French and Spanish were besieging Gibraltar, and said she would never move from that spot till the English flag was lowered from the fortress. Our informant says, the English gallantly lowered it for a few hours ; she must either have died there or broken her oath.

Now you may take a walk which way you will about this place, you will certainly find at every turning point some gratuitous piece of history, pumped out in the same key, all borrowed from the original showman, commencing,  “That hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair.” You may acknowledge

your obligations, and say that you have heard so. No heed is taken of you having had the sharpness of the legend already toned down, "but," continues your informant, "so called because a queen"— You silently steal away to a more quiet spot. "Señor seat cere 'ill yonser ; its call quin's chair." If you do not fain deafness, or, as the writer sets it down, make an agonising appeal to his better nature, and tell him you are a helpless orphan, you can expect no father piece of mind. Now, we have been on castles from Windsor to Warwick, Lancaster, and north to Stirling and Edinburgh ; they all have something on that hill yonder. You can have, not only in detail, but wholesale, gratuitous, for you are dosed with it at every turn. Here's a Bannockburn, a Mon's Meg, or any number of legends. The best way is to let the patient creatures scandalise or invent what they please about all the places and things, kings and queens, and other poor objects of humanity. You will in time get it all mixed up as they do, until you will find, as our American friend has it, you must have a prodigious quantity of mind. It takes as much as a week sometimes to make it up, and say which is which.

Not long since, after a pleasing and interesting walk, one fine morning on Bankside, and standing near the still existing Cardinal Cap Alley, with the aid of an artist friend, we drew up a fancy picture of what Bankside was in Shakespere's day. Here a small creek with craft and busy life around ; a small bridge, with road leading to the Globe, the famous theatre afterwards to be so widely known. The sunshiny time

of our literature and life, making a red-letter period in happy old England's history.



We were interrupted by a kindly-faced, round-shouldered man, who asked us "if it was Shakespere, him as writ plays, we was a torkin' on ; if so be it were, he could show us the wery 'ouse he used, leastways, all as is left on it." After a twisting tramp through Cardinal Cap Alley, we were brought out opposite the public-house known by the name of the "Smith's Arms", which had just then only escaped entire demolition from fire by a very near chance. (The damage done has since necessitated the rebuilding ; the sketch stands as a bit of rescued old London). Our informant assured us that "Shakespere as had a playus nigh there, used to use that wery 'ouse—him as writ the Merchant of Venice, Money and the Forest of Bondy." Our kind friend was interrupted by a companion, who said, "Not Bondy ; him didn't write that." "I won't give up Money, because the

Merchant of Venice is all about money. You better say he didn't write Richard the Third and Richard the Fourth."



We gladly retired before our historic doubts were confirmed by this traditional scholar about this double Gloucester. His companion, as we thought rather aptly but churlishly remarked, "cheese it," for they were both getting grumpy, and after this duplicate we were fearful a fifth or sixth might appear. But the house itself, one among the oldest in Southwark, we considered worthy a sketch, and, as our guide told us, ought to be perpetuated (perpetuated). He said he could pull a bit, but draw he couldn't ; but he did—that is, four pence for beer.

Now our friend, the author of "Add and Diminish," in no way bears comparison with the descriptive guide

of the Bankside bargee type, or the one borrowed from our American friend, and to be found almost everywhere. His explanations are all in detail ; his style, if peculiar, is earnest, and his is no daw's repetition. When among his objects, or discoursing on his most striking subjects, he is beyond competition. Very few subjects but what he has a familiarity with—in Biblical history he has parabolically expressed in his bas reliefs. He would have made a painter, with a knowledge of drawing intuitive, and so large a share of aids to happiness as he possesses in his interesting industry—industry, the best friend of man.

We have known a dear daughter, the pride of a widowed mother, gallantly resolving to conquer and become an artist, with a will heroic, tired and weary, but still hopeful and self-reliant—no coquetting with happiness, but working on for honour and fame, until she is the pride of all who know her.

The arts have much to do in making human life divine. Dickens's Tom Pinch playing the church organ, or a gallant master of music among a large community, loving his art because it keeps alive the divine in man's nature ; that "Hallelujah Chorus," or the "Austrian Emperor's Hymn" (why an emperor's?) the grand strains are worthy a nation's acceptance, or the solemn musically-expressed end of all things in the "Dead March of Saul," is not only music to such a soul, it is life ; it prevents the stifling of our better nature. This bread-winner does not reckon his banker's account in his collected wealth, but how much stands to his account in the large ledger kept open

by that great bank, his heart of humanity. His is only to comfort and help the weak-hearted. And, reader, this is no fancy picture. We parted but lately with such a one ; a soul so great that the greater felt humbled in such a presence. A lady and her little ones left helpless ; his purse is theirs, until the poor clay can do no more, and passes away. They say of such a man, from bishop to porter, whom he associated with felt animated by his presence, his genial kindness overpowering all. May art ever have such industrious friends, to keep down the allurements of too much gains, and the unutterable weariness of gross selfishness. The unselfish are, to our mind, the very salt of humanity. The wisest and the best are not too good for rulers of a country. A good man dead leaves humanity his debtor. Do not accept my dictum, reader, if you like it not, but quietly reform thy heart, if too much soul is in thy pocket. But, in the words of the lyric mealy drama, start not, but listen.

I have been attracted to a home called a Temperance Hotel, kept by an aged, but hale, hearty soul, who, besides a healthy old body, has a sound refined mind ; a humble, but not a poor home, for it is blessed with more than a usual amount of contentment. Temperance abounds in the out-of-the-way Yorkshire home ; but the individual, what of her. But lift the latch of her door, welcome shines in her face ; the first and uppermost thought is what is your most pressing requirement. Being upon the best of terms with her family, the home is opened to all who would wish to roam, once within—comfort reigns supreme—

and that revolving pan hung on the ricken, with the fragrance of cooked meats, has half relieved the pangs of hunger after many a delightful walk in the district, extending from ten to twenty-five miles, this aged lady, who has seen above seventy summers, actively pursuing her domestic duties, for gain it cannot be said, for she spreads nature's bounties before her guests as if she were nature's almoner. The small sum she will accept for the home comforts is very inadequate for the amount of kindness she distributes. But every requirement is here, with the best of all sauce, cleanliness—the dazzling whiteness of her warm, comfortable beds, her rooms fitted for comfort, and everywhere an air of sweetness that brings peace and a contented feeling, amid a healthy country, blessed with as fine scenery in its neighbourhood as any part of happy England. Now this dear old lady, who I am happy in knowing, knows no care but to make all happy. It is never prated of, she will talk of what the stomach will best digest, but never trouble about the fashion of what should be worn. With her quaker cap of the antique type, it is cleanliness, and not vanity that troubles her, if she is ever troubled? The sobriety of her demeanour is fitted to her frugal but sweet home. All society is tinged with bad as well as good in every community, but this society yet wants an historian who will do justice to the passionless counsels and influence they have exercised in our nation's well-being. The wives' sense of duty borrows fresh strength from such examples; and of such a stern sense does my kind old friend entertain of her duties, that she can never retire without first wishing to know if any thing more can be done for thy comfort.

Then she retires by wishing us "farewell!" May we have many farewells such as hers. It is the unenviable privilege of coarse natures to wound all those who are of finer mettle whom they touch, but such natures as these are the recruiting strength by which a nation lives.



CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

OUR HOST AT HOME.

ON an unexpected visit to Stratford, we found our host of the phuseeglyptic not only enjoying himself, but, like Falstaff, the cause of enjoyment in others. Our friend Henry was seated in his corner with his favourite violin, a pupil with a bass viol as big as himself was vamping out big base chords to Henry's more finished measure. A companion



of the arts gave an additional chord (or perhaps discord) to the small apartment, by giving a very full accompaniment on the tamborine. A travelling circus had recently visited the town, when, according

to Dickens, the usual red-faced man, standing on the steps with his whip and his gin voice, had invited the town to walk hup hand hindspect the curioustest and completest hixhibition of wild hannimules, hiver seen hout of the metrolipus. The stirring sounds had excited the taste for a little excitement, our friend much given to add to the enjoyment of his fellows agreeably acceded to their expressed wishes for a little harmony—Oh music, joyful, glad, and tuneful! pour it forth, as your Shakespear's, warm, musical utterances of the heart, which flowed from his genial soul, as the nightingale warbles her tuneful melody to the soft night air, because the swan of Avon and the bird of night both sing blythe and clear, because they love their own music, it is joy to the full-charged soul to find relief in utterance. One of the friends of this friendly circle would sing, but was requested to sing his best without his falsetto ; one of the number said the falsetto was a very great deal too much in use, for to his mind it was using the falsetto when a thing was said or done which did not convey the whole naked truth ; any scandalous thing that was done that disguised the justice due to one that kept the word to the ear and broke it in the sense was to him using the falsetto, he objected to it being used even in music ; although it might be a relief to the owner, it lessens the credit due to his art. The singer gave, in good measured tones, a song whose moralizing takes the edge off all falsettos, finishing with :—

Let none of us jeeringly scoff at his neighbour,
Or mock at his lowly birth,
We are all of us God's, let us earnestly labour,
To better this suffering earth.

A call was made upon the next in order to add his share to the evening's entertainment, which he did by giving them a forfeit he had never seen in print. As he could not sing he would perhaps be excused if he told them that there were somewhere where he did not know,

Ten terrible trumpeters trying to tamborine,
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpariel,
 Seven Severn salmon, and
 Five frickle frugalmen, and
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies,
 Three thick, thumping tigers tickling trout,
 Two toads totally tired trying to
 Trot to Todbury, and
 One old ox opening oysters.

Our host's verdict that this was clever, directed attention that it was his turn again to say something, which he readily responded to by reciting his ideas upon animation.

ON ANIMATION.

I.

In the beginning there was neither bevil nor rule,
 Or optical glass to see animalcules,
 But the spirit it moved as so we are taught,
 Then He formed a man from the dust of the earth,
 Man after he intended to fulfil every station,
 So He breathed in his nostrils and caused animation.

II.

But the man by himself must seem useless on this world so wide,
 To multiply fast like the stars in the skies,
 So He made him a helpmate to lay by his side,
 To live and to learn and fulfil every station,
 And learn to be thankful for their animation.

III.

His helpmate was not intended to domineer over the man,
 But to lay by his side and assist in their plans;

Neither was he intended to trample her into the earth,
 But to love and replenish and inhabit the earth ;
 Assisting each other in whatever their station,
 And learn to be thankful for their animation.

IV.

For them He intended to be learned and wise,
 To study His wisdom in the earth and the skies,
 To admire His creation and part of it to rule,
 And to look at the other the animalcule,
 A part of it to esteem as if their relation,
 And learn to be thankful for their animation.

V.

Some of us He intended to work in the fields and deep mines,
 Others in making, and clothing, and jewels so fine,
 Some for the law, some for the church, some to make physic,
 and attend to the births ;
 The ladies to work after the poor in their station,
 And learn to be thankful for their animation.

VI.

Some of us He intended to have inventive minds,
 To build His great ships on the seas for to ride,
 And the great locomotive, to spread wider His knowledge abroad,
 To show to the heathen what greatness, what goodness, if they
 believed in the Lord ;
 And teach them to respect us as if their relation,
 And learn them to be thankful for their animation.

VII.

There's the sun, moon, and stars, and the planets above,
 He is ruling, with His power and His love ;
 Then let nation to nation join hand in hand,
 Acknowledge our emblem, part God and part man,
 Assisting each other in whatever their station,
 And learn to be thankful for their animation.

Henry's lines upon animation was received with warm applause. He evidently felt the full poetic force that is peculiar to the locality ; he proposed they should listen to a new comer, who was calling, who had been

announced as without, if we can get *he* on, Henry suggested. Our mad, musical friend was some time before he would comply ; he was fully alive to the chaff that his effusions were welcomed with ; but after he had had a few very doubtful compliments paid him, he evidently thought the coast was clear for an exposition of his powers, which he did, with weird-like determination ; but before beginning, it must be strictly understood, he was really in earnest, which he proved himself to be by sounding the war note in a deep base voice, calling on us to

Hark we hear the dreadful drum,
[*Voice*, Hark !
Killing people one by one,
[*Voice*, How ?
Knocking down by rule of thumb,
[*Voice*, Mark !
Making things quite awful.
[*A Row*.

To the general cry of silence, again proceeding :—

There is a mad, smashing, clangling sound,
Orchestral like in fury,
Cutting people dead as night,
With its dismal fury.

This was voted to be turning a merry evening into a ghostly meeting. The rolling of the eyes and knitting of the brows of this entertainer was truly exciting to his hearers. The applause was so general and long that our friend saw the advisability of deferring the other nineteen verses until some more suitable occasion when the horrors of the drum would be better received. Henry, our host, was next called upon to oblige. He is always ready to sing—a real virtue in anyone—his strength lay in a desire to please—well,

it must be an old-fashioned one, if you will. His song, as given under, was sung to good marching time, and entitled "The Lord Mayor's Show."

I.

There was four and twenty periwigs all of a row,
There was four and twenty periwigs all of a row ;
There was tiewig, wrywig, powder and pomatum,
Fig away, look so gay, oh my, oh.

Chorus—

There was tiewig, wrywig, powder and pomatum,
Fig away, look so gay, amongst the crowd below,
Because it is our Lord Mayor's show,
Therefore, let us be merry.

II.

There was four and twenty philosophers all in a row,
There was four and twenty philosophers all in a row.

Spoken.—There was peeping at the moon in the afternoon to find out tie wig and wrywig, powder and pomatum, fig away, look so gay amongst the crowd down below, because it is our Lord Mayor's show, therefore, let us be merry.

III.

There was four and twenty maidens all of a row,
There was four and twenty maidens all of a row.

Spoken.—There's my sweetheart, will he be here to night? To be peeping at the moon in the afternoon, to find out tie wig, wrywig, powder and pomatum ; fig away, look so gay amongst the crowd down below, because it is our Lord Mayor's show, therefore, let us be merry.



IV.

There was four and twenty watchmen all of a row,
There was four and twenty watchmen all of a row.

Spoken.—Then it was past ten o'clock; my sweetheart will be here to-night to be peeping at the moon in the afternoon, to find out tiewig and wrywig, etc.

V.

There was four and twenty gormandizers all of a row,
There was four and twenty gormandizers all of a row.

Spoken.—There was Alderman Swallopper put into the right hand, Deputy Marrowfat in the left, with Hodge Knobs. Some says give me a clean plate, another more greens and fat; and there they were at it, stuffing until past ten o'clock. My sweetheart will be here to-night, to be peeping at the moon in the afternoon, to find out tiewig, etc.

VI.

Four and twenty turtle all in a row,
Four and twenty turtle all in a row.

Spoken.—There was fish, fish, and died odd's fish, and what they died of so I don't know, and what is to become of them, and I and you, for there is Alderman Swallopper put in the right hand, and Deputy Marrowfat in the left, with Hodge Knobs. Some says give me a clean plate, another more greens and fat, and there they were at it, stuffing until past ten o'clock. My sweetheart will be here to-night, peeping at the moon in the afternoon, to find out tiewig, etc.

VII.

There were four and twenty actresses all of a row,
There were four and twenty actresses all of a row.

Spoken.—Oh, how did you like your part? Well, I seemed quite pleased with mine; yes, but if the piece should be d—d, odds-fish, what is to become of me and you? for my sweetheart will be here to-night to be peeping at the moon in the afternoon, to find out tiewig, and wrywig, etc.

VIII.

There were four and twenty boxers all of a row,
There were four and twenty boxers all of a row.

Spoken.—There was squaring and sparring and knock-down blows, and hitting well at the peepers, and letting daylight into each eye, on a stage four and twenty feet square. Oh, how do you like your

part? Well, I seem quite pleased with mine; yes, but what if the piece should be d—d, odd's fish, what is to become of you and I for my sweetheart will be here to-night to be peeping at the moon in the afternoon, to find out tiewig, wrywig, etc.

IX.

There were four and twenty Israelites all of a row,
There were four and twenty Israelites all of a row.

Spoken.—One cries out, I cannot eat any more pork, it makes me sick; any old clothes, boots or shoes, or any old wigs. They were squaring and sparring, and knock-down blows, and hitting well at the peepers, and letting daylight in at their eyes on a stage four and twenty feet square. Oh, how do you like your part? Well, I seem quite pleased with mine; yes, but if the piece should be d—d, odd's fish, what is to become of you and I? for my sweetheart will be here to-night, to be peeping at the moon in the afternoon, to find out tiewig, wrywig, etc.

After a round of applause, the time had arrived to say good-night. A friend once remarked at a concert held at one of our largest theatres, the audience packed below as close as herrings—a commotion is just discernible—Why those people can't fight comfortable like that! but still they did. What a day we are having! We did not want to fight comfortable, but we had a jolly night, nevertheless.



CHAPTER THE TWELFTH, AND LAST.



GENTLEMAN, writing to our host, said that he was amazed at the labour and talent brought to bear in gathering together such a collection. After acknowledging the instruction he had received in the museum, and referring to our host's familiarity with his numerous subjects, he regretted he had not attempted painting, as his knowledge of drawing as a sculptor evidently tended that way. Jones said, and this he should perhaps some day try, for there were reformers that were always condemned as visionaries in political life, by the opposing party cry of, You cannot do it?

Our friend said, I should have said can't, had I never tried something; but I never left my hold until I had done with what I had attempted. Though our friend may not be found among the roll of talent and valour in the annals of Great Britain he may, in his walk, be among the Joseph Humes of private life, as the men of humble beginnings are most usually the best among the guardians of the poor. So these self-reliant men are, to our every-day life, the salt of the earth. I cannot help thinking of and honouring such men as a band of conquering heroes, with subdued passions, and all self-reliance.

It was said of Sir Walter Raleigh that he was a man who could toil terribly; pity such a gallant soul

should be so foully murdered. But what children we are, and what wretched old washerwomen we have to watch over our morals! Our dear old friend Ruskin tells us that, "Quite one of the noblest historical events of this century (perhaps the very noblest)

was that council of clergymen, horror-struck at the idea of any diminution in our dread of hell, at which the last of English clergymen whom one would have expected to see in such a function rose, as the devil's advocate, to tell us how impossible it was we could get on without him." It is the blackest sign of putrescence in a national religion when men speak as if it were the only safeguard of conduct, and assume that, but for the fear of being burned or for the hope of being rewarded, everybody would pass their lives in lying, stealing, and murdering.



I once heard a trained choir in a southern counties cathedral, on the occasion of a May festival, sing a dreary, dolorous melody, in a tearful tone of voice, in marching array, with much swaying of body and genuflexions. The refrain was taken up by the choir, after the unseen priests had recited the solo parts. The irreverent spectators treated the whole affair as they would a theatrical representation, each striving for the best view.

My friend says it is a question, when does reason terminate and instinct commence? We see a cat go into the fields and eat herbs. Is man always as

rational. There is one way always to help God—let Him help us, singing mournful ditties and chanting “we are miserable sinners.” For all (supposed) self-sacrifices are usually foolish at most. But there are those in the world who hold that the comeliest men and women are the most virtuous, but they are not those the least likely to lead us not into temptation—these innumerable numbers, who virtually hold that society can be upheld by its vices rather than its virtues. “See, you,” say they, “it is by law established.” But the law to be established in the future must be, that we live by each other’s happiness, not by the misery of our fellow-man—always life; never death, misery, and decay. The worst form of immorality held is that evil is power, that good is nought—the morals of the impure of heart and indolent in spirit. John Ruskin says, “I know that people are called saints who are supposed to be better than others, but I don’t know how much better they must be in order to be saints, nor how nearly anybody may be a saint and yet not be quite one; nor whether everybody who is called a saint was one; nor whether everybody who isn’t called a saint isn’t one.” Our philosophic friend shows us here what we are.

Who that has passed a livelong night on the boundless sea, watching nature till the break of day, has not felt what dull moralists we sometimes are, and to what ignoble ends our fancies and customs lead us. A Briton, of what is sometimes called of a serious turn, who never misses one of the six days of labour to plod on, early and late, leaving too early and returning too late to see the children’s faces or hear their tongues, and yet he is a respectable, and consequently

an honourable man. You see him rigged out (saint-like) on Sunday, with all those dear to him, sometimes more like the master of the machinery he uses, and of which he is the giant, and makes it and them his slaves alike—the ends are ignoble. And his, that should be an improved representation of his character, tending to emancipation, are no bigger than *his* soul, and scarcely entering into his sorrows, while sharing his diminutive joys. God's beauties that surround him are too frequently so much stock-in-trade, instead of the future material for spreading God's beneficent joys and beauties to all surrounding nature. No man in this world has ever been better for having heaps of gold, but who shall measure the turpitude and degradation to obtain it! Human pride and cruel envy are not greater sins than avarice, shutting out all nobility, and leaving nothing but decrepitude and dishonour.

Although human nature is not so bad as it may be made to appear, those who really mean to do wrong are but the few after all. The important individual who had his law at cost price caused the following to be put on his barn door :—

NOTTIS,—know kows is aloud in these medders, any man ore women
letten thare kows run the rode wot gets inter my medders
aforesaid shal have his tail cut orf by me

KELIPHA KILLCALF.

He learnt something, however, he did not expect. It is only fools who have nothing to learn ; only fools are alway right. He meant no greater harm than protecting his own rights, which proved selfish, and, as a natural consequence, recoiled on himself.

Our friend who has thus set me scribbling in this diffuse manner, has much of my sympathy, and one

stray sentence here and one moralizing theme from this or that author whom I have read, has prompted a sense of gratitude to them and their work. And to him and his work, as all should feel alike to that which gives them pleasure—what a ring of gold among the incongruous rhymes of which he is the author, is there not contained in that stanza commencing with—

I have been on the hills,
And seen Nature's display.

There have been many, very many, professing polished manners and a gifted, sound sensibility, who have never poured forth their soul in such simple strains. There is no discontent with life or mankind, but the expression of a quiet, genial nature, which has but to be invoked to bear its fruits.

A friend who was frequently meeting a literary gentleman, of whom time had dealt sparingly, but had, nevertheless, left his mark—on one of these intimate greetings, this giant in stature, the very *beau ideal* of a handsome, white-headed old man, with a front like Jove, was struck by the muscular, healthy look of youth that our friend bore. Eyeing him up and down, he said he should like to boast of as clear complexion, and musing on, as it were unconsciously (still holding his hand), continued, should like to look as you do, his reply given with almost as little attention, but impulsively. You cannot, you know, expect to look so young as I am ; you are so much older. The old gentleman, not expecting such a thrust, was silent for a moment, merely observing, perhaps that is the reason. I suppose the good-humoured, but slightly saddened reply was perhaps the best conveyed lesson in the world. Our friend never forgot his brutality

and unwarrantable rudeness, and ever after regretted this accidental *lapsis*.

The elder actor in this anecdote is removed; the younger, as he says, "ageing fast." And a favourite poem of his calls up a bit of moralizing, and will always cause recurrence of thought to this little incident. I can imagine I hear these lines from his lips by Oldys :—

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink, as I,
Truly welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up?
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away !

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline.
Thine's a summer; mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

A true moralist, and one capable of conjuring up in a quiet hour some sweet reflection not unmixed with sadness, which will overcome us all at some time. I regret our parting. Jones's Hogarthian humour intruding here, makes us think that time and death will part us all effectually some day.



But I come at last to the end of the last chapter of this labour of love and amusement. I leave our hero to do what he is well able to do for himself, and show others the way to fight the battle of life. I like

him, in this wide-world-known town of Stratford ; for, like his great townsman, the right hand pillar of English literature, he boasts not of college accomplishments. He, and indeed his great townsman, are artists alike, however wide their genius. Our Shakespere could, in his own mother tongue, unfettered with study of Greek roots, express such tenderness and anger, paint such vivid pictures with so truthful an utterance that the greatest minds since his time have wondered, and still pore over his magical lines with dread, with delight, with sad spirits, and with light hearts at his profound thought, his ever kindly humour ; and if ever author earned gratitude, it is due at the pedestal of William Shakespere, who will, as intelligence becomes more universal, find gratitude in the hearts of the whole intellectual human race where his name reaches. Our artist carves his little bits of sticks, and makes up the curious little fishes, but his industry is wide, and he has been long-enduring.

Shakespere could pourtray his sots or sages, saints or sinners, our artist makes his morals but in wood. I may say of him, plain and uninspiring in his nature, he does not froth or hector to you about duty, that duty which I owe—you owe—and we all owe to one another. The over-zealous with their ever-ready condemnation of the erring one, have they done their duty before constituting themselves judges ? To the good, I say, mind you are not obeying the fashion of the times only.

The priest mourning the badness and degeneracy of the times with mournful phraseology, forgets that to all but himself that *self* predominant within is apparent. We know his hopes run identical with

those that do not deem it sinful to have them. I respectfully say, sir, your duty is not yet done ; and telling us we are not what we should be is very true probably, but it is not work. There are sadly comfortless and unhappy people in the world, whose ways might be mended better than by precept or homilies.

Take what I fear is a true picture too often. A poor, squalid, shivering wretch stands before his judge (in his misery feeling by God and man alike forsaken). He is there to receive judgment, perhaps for a high crime ; he was not always such a wretched outcast, but degradation began with him in the great drunkery saturnalia that brings a curse on civilized society ; had duty opened her thousand and one gates to save him from himself and his too weak nature, he might have been an ornament instead of now standing bankrupt and broken, perhaps ripe for hanging, or what may be worse, chains and a felon's lot finishing him as a human wild beast. A decent career might have been his had he not been cradled in the human gutter, his manhood a crime, and his premature old age a black blot too hideous for even his poor degraded self to contemplate.

It is not a day too soon that our attention is turned to mind formation. It was a bright day in our English councils, when the willing mind among the very humble was to be encouraged, and that Divine endowment, the human intellect, was to have its powers called from its recess. The consideration of cost should not prevail to shut out from us the growth of mind, and where the faculty of acquiring is latent, and talent remains no longer wasted or frittered away, station must no longer require them to be satisfied

with that state of intellectual life in which it has pleased God to call them.

It is impolitic to let any of a nation's intellectual wealth pass away without having a chance of development ; vice has an incentive where mental culture is neglected.

On leaving our friend, we could have wished his talents—"humble as he modestly avows they are"—were displayed at an earlier period of his life, society could have boasted more of duty in his case.

If an honesty of purpose deserves well, we commend Henry Jones to his friends, with our most heartfelt wish for his happiness.



Notes from some Newspaper and other Notices of Henry Jones's Museum.

A Warwickshire paper, in speaking of the Shakesperian festival held at Stratford, 1858, says :—

“In a former number we chronicled the recent anniversary in this town, at a length which precluded our then noticing among the attractions which shone forth prominently the museum of Mr. Henry Jones, at his exhibition room, Bull Villas. This exhibition challenges competition not only from its quality, but from the peculiar and earnest style in which Mr. H. Jones details and explains it. Among the most striking objects are Mr. Shakspere going deer-stalking with his dog, Handel listening to an angel, harp-playing in the clouds ; therein are also beheld a pair of clarionets, while a base vile springs from the ground at his side telling his future noteo'ryt ; the Russian attacked by a cavalry officer, busts of Wm. Henry Hartley, and other local celebrities, local as well as of wider fame. The hippo-po-tame-us, birds in a cage; itch-numon, etc., etc. ; but we must especially refer to the striking and recently executed carving of the Idol and the Good Young Man, as a most remarkable companion to Hogarth's repentant husband, both of these latter attesting to the eye the worth of Mr. H. Jones as a public benefactor, who employs the gifted and highly moral qualities of his pure mind to reprove too often recurring vices of his fellow men, by stringent censure and overwhelming admonition pictorially conveyed. Mr. H. Jones keeps, and we are sure with proper judgment, a book for the visitors to enter their names in, and all who visit Stratford should take care to seek this unique collection, an inspection they will not easily forget.”

Copied from “London Society,” May, 1864.

Among the round of attractions the “London Society” calls attention to the list then being published in the “Stratford-on-Avon Chronicle.” Among them we find “Jones Phusiglyptic Museum, Bull Inn.” It is recommended that a cursory visit may be made to this person, who is a connoisseur and self-taught carver of grotesque figures of the creation made from nature's curious roots and branches, and contains also portraits of many eminent men. One cannot but feel the most profound

respect for any gentleman who keeps a Phusiglyptic Museum, who is a connoisseur, and contains also portraits of many eminent men. We *are* astonished that the editor should speak of him as this person. We commend Mr. Jones to the immediate attention of the committee of the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Jones has taken for one of his subjects Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick idolizing the poet's bust, see page 41. The same critic observes that [This is especially worthy the attention of youthful poets, and it will show them what is precisely the proper attitude of inspiration, and the position which it is right to assume when idolizing a bust]."

AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO A NEGLECTED GENIUS.

We were directed, if we had a desire to see how nature nourished genius, to pay a visit to Mr. Henry Jones, at his museum, Bull Lane, at ye sign of ye Bull, Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's Stratford : our love for the dear son of memory would not admit of neglecting so pressing a claim upon our attention here, in this nursery of immortality. —We were assured that we could not fail to be surprised and entertained, and, indeed, if Mr. Jones's wish could have been gratified, he intended we should not leave his home of carefully secured treasures without being instructed also.

But a little retrogression is here necessary ; Mr. Jones, on our presence being announced, finding a lady was of the party, changed his clothes before he would present himself—his usual custom on receiving gentle-folks—as he deemed it highly indecorous to present himself in the presence of ladies in clothes smelling of the fumes of tobacco from his house of entertainment. After waiting in his snug inner room, we were gratified, in a few minutes, to find ourselves in the presence of a sun-browned, bald-headed man of portly thick proportions, and, if not with good capon lined, at least 'with fair round belly,' who courteously made his bow to the lady, and with the gravity of an undertaker, proceeded, key and book in hand, to unlock the door of his shed, known by the name of Phusiglyptic Museum, which Mr. Jones sententiously observed meant partly natur' and partly art ; this unique museum is devoted not wholly to art, Mr. Jones, holding rude nature in becoming respect, devotes a corner to geology, and to science hitherto unknown. The museum is of European and American fame ; if you will lend your imagination, Mr. Jones, who is a connoisseur and self-taught carver of grotesque figures representing every grade of wild and improbable objects of all created things, made from curious roots and branches. If you can follow Mr. Jones, he will now put all this rude mass of twisted

limbs into shape, and give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." He commenced by informing his hearers that he foller'd his perfession (shoemaker) until the ripe age of fifty befor he made any hatemt at art, but he was always noted when at school for his remarkable genius at converting any rough form into shape ; he fortunately met with a kind clergyman, who introduced to him many useful dictionary words, the most favourite among all was the expressive one of excogitate ; the artist Jones must then be a brother coger, we mused, but he proceeded to explain the meaning of the otherwise obscure piece of orthography.

You see, mim, my process is this ; I looks over a heap of stones, say this one for instance ; I comes to one like this (taking up a rude stone), I looks at each end, then the middle, and all round, if you excogitate it through the art, natur' and mistery in it is happarent, look at that munkey's face in that 'eer stone ; doll's fut in that ; that one's a perfect human face, all as nataral as natur' ; all this description was pumped out with breathless haste, as though the time was nearly up, but in this respect we were much mistaken. Mr. Jones spares no time to thoroughly instruct and amuse his visitors (in his own way). He deals in pathos of his own with no very small amount of enthusiasm, when in the phusiglyptic he is monarch of all he surveys, he announces to you that you have here the wonders of natur' and art, then sinking his voice to a beautiful cadence, raising his eyes to the roof, he solemnly adds, and of the 'evins above, the words are scarcely uttered before he strikes off at a tangent, he calls your attention to a curious combination of limbs and twisted hrush-wood, and announces to you that 'eer is the pelican of the wilderness ; another, that's a Albertross, you have thére three parts natur' and one part art : you will observe in all this it is the deep cunning of Mr. Jones's genius that he sees sermons in trees that the outer world little dreams of.

He now proceeds, as he says, to record them all seriaattum, he explains that he had many of his hard words from a kind friend, a clergyman, which will explain his free use of many that he does not care to express with too great precision for fear of being thought pedantic, as he has a way of his own in all he does ; he informs us that he has been ulo-gised by bishops, peers, and great patrons of the art, (see visitors' book, entry the Right Rev. Bishop of Brixton, &c.,) also including eminent sculptors, one great name whom we have forgotten told him that had he had an early training, so great is his idea of form that he must have become the eighth wonder of the world (before Lu Lu inherited that title) ; we need not wonder at Mr. Jones holding his museum in high estimation, but while we are pausing Mr. Jones is

rapidly pursuing his extensive catalogue, our attention is called to the grope of happy peasantry all as nateral as life, one haby on the father's knee, tother trying to climb, its mother calling it a naughty child ; we are next introduced into the anamal kingdom, the hippertamus, the helephant, the alligater, the burfello, grope, nag and stag at play, you'll see nothing more nateraller, the Cossack of the Don defying the granny-deer, (and well he might, being double his size), some of 'em's all natur', this 'eer is a wonderful grope gipsies' camp, there you see the child on the mother's knee taking its nourishment. There's the donkey, old man, kettle slung ready to boil the leg of mutton, the artist did not explain how it was to be got into the pot, as the mutton was nearly twice its size, but we generously make poetic allowance. Admiral Nelson laying wound-ed, observe soldiers, sailors, stanching wound, attendants all around.

Balaclarva charge ; a cavalry officer engaged with a Roosian gunner, struglin' at the mouth of gun, that bit alone's worth 50 guineas ; now I calls your attention to this 'eer picture ; the dictionary meaning of ex-coggitate is, as I said before, defining natur' in all its colors ; this is sergeant Davis and the dyin' fhusileer, in this grope you will see natur triumphin' over art (Mr. Jones explains that he has only put faces on these figures), see how nateral this sargent is a defendin' ese comrade with his sword and pistil.—David and Goliah, that is David the littlest, you must have forgot your reading.—The bull and the affrighted man, we were unable to catch the woody expression of affright. The donkey looks pleased.—The fox and the grapes, as nateral as Easop's fables. Stone sculpturing, the highest of Mr. Jones's art, he says his visitors are more pleased with nor anythink ; observe the phyzigonomy which, according to the dictionary, means the features of the face, showing of the temper and disposition ; the stone gallery contains one of Mr. Jones's latest attempts, Spencer Lucy as master of the hounds, you will see, he observes, I have succeeded in producing one of the greatest curiosities as was ever thought on, he is followed by the dogs, Rowler, Jowler, Snaffle and Thunderbolt. He has a hippertamus, as nateral as anything in Wombwell's menagerie ; this is Garrick, with his arm round Shakespeare's bust, and Handel, the composer.

After rapidly taking us round thus far, he proceeded to explain to us that the meaning of the word moziac meant a number of stones let into a large slab, making a pictur.

I have perduced here as natal a butterfly as could be done in ten years. We are now introduced to another apartment of the phusiglyptic, Richard III taking his two nephews to the Tower, conceived by the artist without any suggestion from any one, Richard certainly looks fat

and more upright than the poet drew him, but when we know how little history is to be depended upon, we must accept this rude expression to be as near nature as any other picture.

Henry Hartley, while staying at the "Golden Lion," gave Mr. Jones an attitude to represent him in the character of Rollo—we are assured that all theatrical gentlemen recognize this as a capital portrait of him:—Shakespeare in his study: another, the bust from the Church; this is rather a painful subject, Mr. Jones has stuck the pen, a gigantic one, into the breast of Shakespeare as though intent of killing him outright; we hope no lurking devil of envy was ruling the breast of the artist in the belief that too much attention was shown to the dead, and too little to the living celebrity; on our next visit we will suggest that we hope no such feeling animates the breast of our friend Jones.

The Haligories is the next portion presented to our notice, here a brief explanation that the meaning of the dictionary word haligory that those things done by nature the artist should never seek to be praised, we suggested that the subtle brain of the inventor of these wooden allegories would not, with his native modesty, accept praise. Mr. Jones assured us that this was his view. Our attention was called to another rude carving, the Prince of Wales offering a glass of beer to a poor old sailor, the moral of this is, be good natered to those as can't help themselves; the subject of the deserted wife and distracted husband is a fine point with Mr. Jones for his moralizing; this is represented in two compartments, the deserted wife is receiving consolation from her father and mother; but, although repentance comes too late, the mother receives her to her bosom; the distracted husband comes, but to find that the wife has gone and left him; moral, no use repenting when too late.

The story of the tragic drama, although obscure to most visitors, will be fully elaborated upon by Mr. Jones to any extent his hearers may wish, upon making inquiries.

The morris dance is another favourite subject; this is incised or surface carving, and represents some rude figures going through the nine-men's-morris game with most extraordinary contortions; Mr. Jones assured us he had been offered as much as ten pounds for the loan of this for twenty minutes, we deduce from this that the collection must be of great value. Our attention is called to a representation of John Pounds; our entertainer calls him the philanthropic shoemaker. You will see there the ker-nary as nateral as life: that's John, them's his scholars, this shows the reverse of the proverb how one can help the many, instead of how many can help the one. Portraits of Mr. Flowers, Timmins, and others, including Mr. Tilbury, comedian; hope Mr. T. considered himself flattered, we could not. Punch and the constable,

afraid Punch had a design on his health. Squirrel and his nut, very much nut ; now a pause, we are introduced into the bar again, Shakespeire and the scroll, a pleasing burst ; the prince of Shakespearians, Mr. Halliwell ; the bard again, looking more wretched than ever. Mr. Jones takes every means to make his Museum to suit both old and young alike ; we enquired about some rude figures, he assured us they gave the young folks great delight, as he made it a point to please the Juveniles, we thought they must be pleased if they were not frightened. The most remarkable feature is to look on 'em at this 'eer pint, they look as grave as judges, now come to this side you find they all be a laughing, some of these objects appeared as though they really had assumed some queer antics. A generous individual, Mr. Jones assured us, offered to take him and his valuable collection to the Paris Exhibition, but Mr. Jones knew too well what was due to himself, and firmly declined the seductive offer.—The Parisians, who are true lovers of art, may not quite appreciate the subtlety of Mr. Jones's style of treating the unity of art and nature, but could not fail to be surprised, like ourselves, to say the least, at his remarkable ingenuity.

The following appeared in the "Stratford-on-Avon Chronicle," August 25th, 1871 :—

"A collection of valuables from Mr. Jones's museum, and the address of the owner of these peculiarities excites roars of laughter."—*Vide Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, 17th November, 1874.

"We must not omit to make special mention of Mr. Jones's collection of curious roots, &c., lucidly described by the exhibitor in the vigorous vernacular peculiar to Old Stratford, in which the almost obsolete terminal *en* is still largely retained. The popularity of this portion of the fair was evinced by the delighted crowds that surrounded him while lecturing, who were treated occasionally with a comic song, which added to the general hilarity."—*Stratford-on-Avon Chronicle*, 27th November, 1874.

From Trinity College (Stratford) Magazine.

ONE OF THE MANY CURIOSITIES OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The greatest curiosity of Stratford-on-Avon in our opinion is Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the Bull Street Phusicyptic (we won't be answerable for the spelling) Museum, and the next greatest curiosity is the Museum itself. The best things have somewhat poor externals,

very often, and no one would suspect that that modest-looking, tumble-down affair of a shed in Bull Street contained such wonders. The meaning of Museum as given in the dictionary we are wont to use, is as follows:—"A repository of natural, scientific, artistic, and literary curiosities."

All these features are to be found in this building, so we suppose it is entitled to the name of Museum. That it is a repository of *natural* curiosities is certain, for it is impressed on us every time we visit the place—"three parts *natur* and one part (*h*)*art*," etc.

As regards *scientific* specimens, we must confess ourselves in the dark. There are certainly minerals, and geological varieties, but no astronomy or chemistry that we remember, but yet we will call them *scientific*. When we come to consider the *artistic* curiosities, we give a hearty consent. Lovely carvings, grotesque imitations in wood of the Stork, "Alhataross" (so he terms it), etc., etc. Surely these are artistic—at least they are original.

The gentleman and his wife (who by the way have always called the day before we visit the Museum) on seeing all these products of nature and art, exclaim together, "These are the most original things I have ever seen." The elephant is, in truth, really worth seeing. £90 has been offered for it (so Mr. J. affirms). We on one occasion asked him if it was meant for a cow, and if so, we added, it is a bad one, much to the proprietor's disgust. The "'ptamus" too is good. The artistic specimens in general are decidedly good. The fox-hunt ought not to be forgotten. There we see Keeper, Jowler, Grizzler, Growler, Hector, Snarler, Alice, Victor, and Nebuchadnezzar, all grandly sculptured out of solid rock.

We envy the owner of all these things, but the height of our ambition is to surpass him in literary productions. His poetry is enlivening and sublime, it soothes our spirit. When we first saw the museum we were inclined to laugh (what profanity !! !), but when it came to the hymn at the conclusion, the glorious paeon-like words re-echoing through the arches of that grand old hall, all laughter was checked, our eyes filled with tears, and when it came to those two lines (for which we must say we have a decided preference)

"And so to please your wishes
I carves beasts, birds and reptiles, and curious little fishes."

When it came to these lines—the most noble, the most soul-inspiring, the most thrilling of all English poetry, we felt indeed that Chaucer was surpassed, that Shakespear was left far behind, that Milton could not

approach, that Scott or Byron were as nothing :—as these thoughts passed rapidly through our mind, we wept, aye, we wept, not in a vulgar way, but we fairly *cried with laughing*—(the truth must be told). Perhaps the rhythm of those two lines ought to be examined. They will be found *perfect*.

To prove that the proprietor of all this is the greatest curiosity in the town, we have not to resort to the plan of the Frenchman who wished to prove himself the most handsome man in the world, and at the very last only *assumed* that he was the handsomest *thing* in his room. No, we would not descend to such arguments. But it may be shown by a “*Reductio ad absurdum*,” if he is not the greatest curiosity who is ? Let Shakespear’s house alone, let New-place go to America, let Anne Hathaway’s Cottage remain unseen—but visit—and it is well worth your 6d. and trouble—visit Mr. J.’s Bull-street Phusiclyptic Museum.



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